

The Summer Of Love & Relative Peace by CalvinHobbesGatsby

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Summary: (Sequel to One Gate Closes, Another Opens). After repelling Majestic 12's invasion of Hawkins, Mike, Eleven, and the rest of the party are looking forward to a summer of fun and romance. However, alliances are being formed and enemies are preparing for a comeback. JoyceXHopper. LucasXMax.

1. Author's Note

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Dear Readers,

I am beginning work on the sequel to *One Gate Closes, Another Opens*. However, I need your help. I am looking for prompts to make chapters. I want a majority of the story to be fluff. I prefer Mileven, but they can be Jopper or Lumax, etc. please leave your prompts in the review section and I think that there is potential, I will use them. I will give you credit if I use said prompts. Thanks in advance. Mileven forever.

Your Obedient Servant,

CalvinHobbesGatsby

2. Mike & El Love A Parade

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. I WAS ORIGINALLY PLANNING ON ONLY DOING ONE STORY IN THIS PARTICULAR SAGA, BUT I ENDED UP LEAVING IT ON A CLIFF HANGER, SO I HAVE DECIDED TO WRITE A SEQUEL. THIS STORY WILL MAINLY BE LIKE NINETY NINE PERCENT FLUFF BOTH MILEVEN AND LUMAX AND JOPPER. THE MAIN DRAMA WON'T COME IN UNTIL THE END.

June 1985. Hawkins, Indiana.

(Mike's POV)

Mike Wheeler could hardly contain his excitement as he rode in the van with his family. The Wheeler family was going to the 97th annual Hawkins Day Parade. It was always the highlight of the summer for the citizens of Hawkins. There were several large floats and people threw candy and it was just a fun time; but for Michael Theodore Wheeler, this Hawkins Day Parade was extra special. It was special for Mike, because it special for the love of his life: Jane "Eleven" Hopper. El had never seen a parade before in her life and Mike was going to have fun showing ephedra the floats and watching her pig out on candy, considering that there was any candy to be salvaged. Their bard, Dustin Henderson always tried to scoop it up before the rest of the party could get a chance. As Ted Wheeler drove the van into a parking space, Mike could hardly see anything thank to the huge mass of humanity. Hawkins was supposed to be a small town with not that many people living in it, but you wouldn't know it, looking at the mob that had come out to watch the parade. As soon as the van stopped, Mike and his sister Nancy both struggled to get out.

"Slow down you two." Karen Wheeler chided them as she held baby Holly. "I do not want you getting lost.

"Don't worry mom, just find some Eggos and you'll find Mike." Nancy remarked as she poked fun at El's love of Eggos.

"Yeah, just find some photos and you'll find Nancy." Mike shot back

as he poked fun at Jonathan's love of photography.

"Both of you, knock it off." Mrs. Wheeler ordered. "You both have found someone special and you should be happy for one another and by the way Michael, I want you to bring Jane over one of these nights."

"But mom!" Mike whined.

"No buts Michael...Nancy, that goes for you too." Karen ordered as the two eldest Wheeler children complained as they exited the van and made their way into the heart of the crowd. As Mike walked, he was looking for the person he had to see. Suddenly, he heard the most sweetest sound that he had ever known or ever would know.

"Mike!"

Mike turned around to see El, his El running towards him. He ran towards her and they both embraced and kissed.

"El, I've missed you so much!" Mike said as he inhaled the scent of her hair, which had grown out long and looked even more beautiful than usual.

"I missed you too." El replied. "I kept asking dad to let me see you, he said no." Mike sighed. After the siege at Castle Byers, chief Jim Hopper had forced El to keep a low profile until he was satisfied that Majestic 12 was not sending reinforcements to avenge Agent Tyrone Seibert. It had been Hell for El, not being able to see her Mike. They were still able to communicate through their supercomms, but it was not the same. Not by a long shot. However, Hopper was going to be riding in the parade and he did not want to leave his daughter alone. Thus, it would be the perfect time for the two lovers to be together. As Mike and Eleven walked through the crowd, they eventually caught sight of the rest of the party.

"Mike!" Will Byers, the cleric shouted as he saw the paladin.

"Hey El!" Lucas Sinclair, the ranger added as they embraced Mike and El.

"I swear, we are gonna score so much candy!" Dustin exclaimed.

Suddenly, Max Mayfield, the zoomer, came up on her skateboard.

"Mad Max has arrived!" Lucas shouted as she pulled him into a kiss.

"Take it easy stalker." Max giggled. Mike laughed as he saw Steve Harrington walking up to them.

"How's it hanging, brats?" Steve said as he adjusted his bitching shades.

"Don't you mean ahoy?" Will asked as everyone burst out laughing.

"Seriously?" Steve asked. "Do you always have to give me shit about working at *Scoops Ahoy*, I'm just doing it to make some extra cash. Can you try to be mature, as hard as that may be. By the way Max, your dough bag brother isn't here, is he?" Max shook her head.

"He wanted to stay home." She replied.

"Probably doesn't want Steve to kick his ass again." Dustin added. The kids laughed as they began to watch the parade. The first thing they saw was the Hawkins police department, led by Jim Hopper.

"Dad!" El shouted as she waved at Chief Hopper. Hopper waved back as he began throwing out Eggos.

"The Chief made Eggos?" Lucas asked as El picked up as many as she could.

"God El, if you love Eggos, why don't you just marry them?" Max said jokingly. El gave Mad Max a dirty look.

"I only marry Mike." She insisted as Mike blushed a deep shade of red. As everyone started teasing Mike, every saw the next float which was carrying the mayor of Hawkins: Lawrence "Larry" Kline. Mayor Kline was waving and smiling at his townspeople. Larry Kline had become the mayor of Hawkins after unseating the previous mayor during the last election. After the disappearance of Will Byers, the "death" of Barbara Holland, and the incident involving Hawkins National Laboratory, Kline had ran on a "good ol' days" platform, vowing to bring peace and prosperity back to Hawkins. His approval rating had gone up after he oversaw the construction of *Starcourt*

Mall.

"He just seems slimy if you ask me." Dustin remarked.

"No one asked you Dustin." Lucas replied.

I AM VERY EXCITED TO SEE CARY ELWES AS MAYOR LARRY KLINE. I AM DEFINETLY GOING TO INCLUDE HIM IN THIS STORY. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

3. An Axis Of Evil In Hawkins

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS RACIST REMARKS. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Billy's POV)

While the party was at the annual Hawkins Day parade, Billy Hargrove was at home in the kitchen making scrambled eggs. Once he had finished making the eggs, he poured a glass of orange juice and carried them into the shed behind the Hargrove-Mayfield home. When he opened the door, he saw Agent Tyrone Seibert laying on a cot with his arms and legs in bandages.

"Here I am, your chef delivers." Billy remarked as Agent Seibert took the eggs and juice.

"Your not my fucking chef." He snarled as he ate. Billy scoffed as Seibert drank the juice.

"So, how are your limbs doing?" Billy inquired.

"I think my arms have almost recovered, but my legs still feel like jelly." Tyrone reported as Billy failed to suppress a small chuckle. Agent Seibert gave him a death glare. "What is so funny?"

"I just, have a hard time with the idea that a fourteen year old girl did this to you." He replied.

"It's true. That bitch is a freak of nature. She used her mind to crush my bones and she threw me ten feet in the air. You were there punk, you saw it!" Billy nodded as he reflected on his first meeting with Seibert.

Hawkins, Indiana. 3 months ago.

As the party was holding a funeral for Dr. Cameron Reaves, Billy Hargrove was driving through Hawkins at dangerously high speeds in

his car. As he sped along, he suddenly saw a disheveled African-American man lying face down in the road. He quickly came to a stop and got out to look. As he got closer, he saw the man was still alive. He was groaning in pain.

"Well well, what do we have here?" Billy asked as the man looked up at him.

"Give me a hand...punk." Agent Seibert replied.

"Who are you calling punk, Negro?" Billy asked as Seibert groaned.

"Great...a racist cracker, just my...fucking luck." He slurred. "First those snot nosed brats..." At these words, Billy's ears perked up.

"What did you say about brats?" He asked. "Was one of those brats a bitch with long red hair?" Tyrone looked up at him and smiled.

"We should talk." He replied. "Help me and I will explain everything." Billy thought about it for a couple minutes and then lifted the man's bruised, battered, and bleeding body into his car. He groaned all the way as Billy set the man in the passengers seat and sped off towards home.

"Who the Hell are you anyway?" Billy asked.

"Agent Tyrone Seibert." He replied. "And you?"

"Billy Hargrove." He answered as he drove Agent Seibert back to his home. "You work for the government or something?"

"Yes." He said as Billy picked Seibert up and dragged him into the house. Luckily for the both of them, Billy's old man and Max's mom were both gone and Max herself was at Dr. Reaves's funeral, along with the rest of the party.

"These hicks can't know about me...do you have a basement of something?" Tyrone inquired.

"The old man has a shed out back that he hardly ever uses." Billy replied.

"That will do." He said as Billy drug him out to the shed. There was an old cot that had never been used. He picked up the agent and set him down on it.

"Take off..my main clothes...Ned to check...for wounds." Agent Seibert ordered as Billy tore off his suit, leaving him only in his undershirt, underwear and socks. His arms and legs looked horribly bruised and damaged. Billy looked and saw a horrible looking wound on Seibert's left leg.

"You got a bad one on the left leg." He replied as Tyrone swore.

"You gotta cauterize it." He stated. "Get a big knife." Billy ran back into the kitchen and got a knife.

"Will this do the job?" He asked as Agent Seibert nodded.

"Now get a lighter and heat up the blade. Make sure it's hot." He ordered as Billy lit the blade up.

"Now what?"

"I need your belt and some alcohol if you have it." Billy took off his belt and handed Seibert his flask that was filled with whiskey. Tyrone took a huge swig of it as he turned to Billy. "Now I need you to press the blade to my wound."

"You want me to burn you?" Billy asked.

"You have to cauterize it or it will get infected, so do it!" Agent Seibert ordered as he put Billy's belt in his mouth and bit down on it. Billy pressed the heated blade to his wound as Seibert swore loudly.

"Was that good?" Billy asked as Tyrone calmed down.

"Hell no, it stung like a bitch, but it'll stop the infection." He replied.

"How do you know how to do this shit anyway?"

"Because, before I worked for the government...I was a doctor." Billy was definitely caught off guard.

"You're shitting me."

"The Hell I am. I was a damn good one too."

"Then what you doing working for Uncle Sam?"

"That is none of your God damn business." Agent Seibert insisted.
"Now, get plenty of sleep tonight and read any medical books if you have them so you're ready for tomorrow."

"Why?" Billy inquired. "What's going on tomorrow?"

"Thanks to Jane Hopper, I have four broken bones. Tomorrow, with my help, you are going to perform surgery."

"Now I know you're screwing with me." Billy replied incredulously.

"Do I look like I am screwing with you boy?" Seibert asked. Billy just stood there and shook his head, wondering what the Hell he had gotten himself into.

AN AXIS OF EVIL IS FORMED. WE WILL DELVE DEEPER INTO TYRONE SEIBERT'S BACK STORY IN FUTURE CHAPTERS. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

4. Wedding Plans

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT WAS SUGGESTED TO ME BY SECTION8GRL. PLEASE CHECK OUT THEIR STORIES.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Hopper's POV)

The last few months had been a whirlwind for Chief Jim Hopper. He had finally proposed to his old flame: Joyce Byers. Once the siege at Castle Byers was behind them, Hopper had scraped together enough money to buy Joyce a proper engagement ring. It was a silver band and on the inside was the inscription: *JB + JH*. It wasn't a fancy ring by any means, but anyone would've thought it was a twenty-four karat diamond, judging by her reaction. Before Chief Hopper had proposed however, he had done the right thing and gotten permission from both of her sons. Hopper had started with Will first, assuming that he would be the easier of the two. He had assumed correctly. Will had been genuinely happy for Hopper and his mother. However Jonathan, true to form, had not been so accepting. For the first couple of weeks after the engagement, Jonathan had been distant from the Chief and his mother. Eventually, Jonathan came around and admitted that he was happy for them.

"At least you're not as lame as Bob was." Jonathan confided in Hopper. Of course, he would never say such a thing to his mother. Bob Newby may have been a huge nerd, but he had given Joyce a few months of happiness that she completely deserved.

"I don't remember there being so much planning for a wedding." Hopper remarked as he and Joyce sat down at her kitchen table. They were going over the details for their wedding which was only a couple months away.

"Come on Hop, it will be worth all the hassle." Joyce assured her husband to be. "I want to have a half way decent trip down the aisle this time." Her marriage to Lonnie Byers had been nothing like the wedding she had always dreamed of. She had been pregnant and

basically disowned by her parents who had given her an ultimatum: Get an abortion or be written out of the will. Joyce absolutely refused to kill her baby boy. She had already been talked into making one mistake on the night of Jonathan's conception, she was not about to make another one. Thus, Joyce and Lonnie eloped and four months later, Jonathan Lonnie Byers was born. When Joyce was young, she had always dreamed of a beautiful wedding, surrounded by friends and family, wearing a beautiful dress, and standing next to the man she loved. Joyce had finally found a man who was worthy of her and this time, she was going to do it right.

"So, What kind of cake were you thinking of for the reception?" Hopper inquired. They had already decided where the reception would take place. Karen Wheeler had graciously offered the use of their home for the post wedding celebration. It worked out well because Hawkins had very few venues for celebrations such as this.

"What about vanilla?" Joyce offered.

"Nah, I'm more of a chocolate kind of guy." Hopper pointed out.

"How bout we compromise and get a marble cake?" Joyce offered as Hopper thought of Jane.

"Halfway happy." He chuckled.

"What?"

"Nothing, it's an inside joke between Jane and I."

"Speaking of Jane, have you decided what role she is going to play in the ceremony?" Joyce inquired.

"Well I was going to have her be the flower girl, but Holly Wheeler snatched that up."

"Don't you think she's a little old to be the flower girl?"

"I guess, what did you have in mind?"

"I thought that we could have Jane as a bridesmaid and Mike could be a groomsman. They would look so cute together." Hopper sighed

at the thought of Mike and Jane together.

"I guess so." He replied as Joyce took his hand.

"What's wrong Hop, I thought you and Mike were getting along better?" She asked.

"We are, we ain't fighting anymore, but I am still Jane's old man and Wheeler is still the horny teenage boy who's trying to take her away."

"I understand, but you know that Mike would never hurt her." Joyce assured him.

"Yeah...let's just get back to planning Joyce Byers's dream wedding." Hopper replied as he and Joyce shared a kiss. "So, when are you going to pick out a dress?"

"I figured I would go on Saturday and take Jane with me. We could have a girls day out." Joyce said. "You know what, you should take Jonathan and Will with you when you go shopping for your tuxedo. It would be a good bonding experience for the three of you."

"Sounds like a plan." Hopper replied as Joyce giggled.

"Maybe while Jane and I are at the bridal shop, we could find a wedding dress for when she marries Mike." She offered as Hopper groaned.

"That is not funny Joyce." He insisted.

"It kind of is, come on Hop, you know it's gonna happen someday."

"Well it had better not be someday soon, that's all I'm saying." Hopper said as Joyce moved across the table and sat in his lap.

"Calm down Hop, I'm just trying to have fun with you." Joyce assured him as the couple proceeded to make out.

"Have I told you that you look so incredibly sexy today?" Hopper asked as Joyce ran her hands all over him.

"You know what, I do not think you have." She replied. "You better

do it now."

"You look...so incredibly sexy today Joyce Byers." he stated as he kissed her deeply.

"I'll be Joyce Hopper soon enough." she said as she gave him an eskimo kiss.

"I can't wait." Hopper told Joyce. "We can't get married soon enough."

WILL JOYCE AND HOPPER MAKE IT TO THE ALTAR OR WILL THINGS TAKE A TURN? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

5. More Wedding Plans

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT WAS FROM SECTION8GRL.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Eleven's POV)

While Joyce Byers and Chief Jim Hopper were planning their upcoming wedding, Marriage was also a subject on El Hopper's mind as well. She had been left alone at the cabin while Hopper met with his future wife. El and her dad had began packing up their things as Hopper was planning on moving in with Joyce after they got married. At first, The Chief had been hesitant because there were not enough rooms in the Byers home for five people; however, it had been decided that El could share Will's room until Jonathan went off to NYU the following year. Early on, Joyce made it clear that she was not going to take the place of Terry Ives: El's biological mother and it seemed that she didn't need to since Terry had improved greatly in the last few months after being treated with *Omnirix*. After Terry and her sister: El's aunt Becky has moved closer to Hawkins, El had began visiting them at least once a week. Much to Hopper's dismay, Terry had actually asked El if she wanted to live with her and Becky. El had politely refused. She wanted to be near her mother, but she was secretly worried that Terry would try and stop her from seeing Mike. Terry accepted her decision. She just wanted to be there for El. As El was thinking about these things, she heard a knock at her window. She turned around and saw that Mike was there. She moved quickly and opened the window. As soon as Mike stuck his head in the window, El pressed her lips to his.

"Mike!" She said as they parted so that he could make his way inside.

"I know Hopper doesn't like me to come over here without his permission, but I had to see you." Mike replied as he held El in his arms.

"I'm glad you're here." El insisted. "I wish Dad would let me see you every day."

"Me too." Mike said as he and El sat down on her bed. "So, is the Chief still at Will's house?"

"He and Joyce are planning for wedding." El nodded as she held Mike's hand. "Mike, what is bridesmaid?"

"A bridesmaid stands next to the bride at the altar and shows that she has a special bond to the bride." Mike replied. "Why?"

"Joyce wants me to be bridesmaid." El replied, remembering the conversation she'd had with Joyce.

"El, that's great!" Mike exclaimed as he tried to summon up the courage to make his move.

"Mike, are you OK?" El asked as Mike tried to calm himself.

"Yeah I'm fine, it's nothing." He insisted as El frowned and put her finger to his lips.

"Mike...friends don't lie." She reminded him. Mike sighed as he took her hands in his.

"El...you that I love you so much." Mike said as El nodded.

"I love you too." She replied.

"I've been thinking about what you said about being engaged and...I got you something." Mike explained as he reached into his pocket and pulled out two silver rings.

"Mike, they're beautiful." El gasped as she admired the silver bands.

"It's called a promise ring." He told his true love. "We're too young to be engaged right now, so when we wear our promise rings, it means that we are going to get engaged someday." El smiled as she felt the metal ring.

"On." She said, motioning for Mike to put the ring on her. He did so and then El put his ring on him. They both held up their fingers admiring the rings.

"It cost me three months worth of allowance, but it was worth it." Mike replied as El turned his head and gave him a deep kiss on the lips.

"Wish I could wedding with you now." El said as the lovers snuggled on her bed.

"Me too, but Hopper would throw a fit." Mike pointed out. "Besides, we are going to get married someday. We'll have flowers and delicious food and a huge cake."

"Will we have Eggos?" El asked right on cue as Mike smiled and kissed her head.

"We'll have a whole tub of Eggos." Mike promised as El grinned.

"I want white dress." She said as she stroked Mike's cheek. "I want to look pretty for you."

"El, you don't need a dress to look pretty. You are so beautiful." Mike argued as El pulled him close. "And after the food, we can dance, just like at the Snowball." The Snowball would always be special to Mike and El. It had been the first time that they had hung out since her return from the Upside Down and it had also been where they shared their first romantic kiss.

"I hate having to wait." El muttered as she buried her face in Mike's chest. "I want to be forever."

"Yon want to be with me forever?" Mike asked as El looked up with her big brown eyes and nodded.

"Forever." She insisted. Mike shed a tear as he kissed El on the lips.

"I want to be with you forever too." He said.

"Promise?" El asked as Mike stared right into her eyes and into her soul.

"Promise." He vowed as he and El enjoyed being with their soulmate, their life, their very reason for existing. their love was something beyond anything either of them had ever experienced. it was as if

they were in their own plain of existence that no one else could know or even begin to comprehend. It didn't matter to Mike and El though. They were home in each others arms.

**LOVE AND MARRIAGE IS IN ABUNDANCE IN HAWKINS.
HOWEVER, SO IS TREACHERY. REVIEWS NEEDED AND
APPRECIATED.**

6. Dr Tyrone Seibert

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Billy's POV)

As Billy Hargrove walked into the shed bringing a fried egg sandwich, Agent Tyrone Seibert was lifting a weight with his right arm.

"Lifting the weights, eh?" Billy asked as Agent Seibert set the weight down.

"If I am going to kill that bitch Jane Hopper, I am going to need as much of my strength back as I can muster." He replied. "I think that my left arm will be ready to come out of the cast soon, but I'm not sure about my legs."

"Well, maybe you should see an actual doctor." Billy suggested.

"Boy, you know I can't do that." Seibert said. "I can't let anyone know that I am here. It will compromise the mission."

"Right, your big bad mission." Billy replied in a mocking tone. "You still haven't told me what it is or why you're even after Max and her group of retards."

"What I do is beyond classified." Tyrone explained. "I can't just go telling you things all Willy nilly."

"How classified are we talking?"

"You and I will both be killed classified." Billy let out a whistle as Agent Seibert put the weight down and began to eat the fried egg sandwich.

"This is such bullshit!" Billy exclaimed.

"Look, you want your little step sister dead and I want that freak and

her precious little boy toy dead." Seibert insisted. "I need your help and you need my help. In order for the both of us to get what we want, we have to work together."

"And why do I need your help exactly?" Billy inquired.

"Because unlike you, I have brains." Tyrone pointed out. "We need a well thought out strategy if we are going to destroy those little shits. I underestimated that girl once and I am broken and without backup because it. I came to this shit hole of town with seventy-five soldiers. They were well armed and well trained. Forty-one of them were slaughtered and the rest deserted me. My limbs were smashed. That is what those fuckers did to me. I will not underestimate them again." Billy said nothing as Agent Seibert finished the fried egg sandwich. HE didn't want to admit it, but Seibert was right. He clearly had more brains than Billy did. Tyrone had demonstrated this when he had guided Billy through his surgery.

Hawkins, Indiana. 3 months ago.

On the day of the surgery, Billy had been getting Agent Seibert plenty of morphine that he had stolen to help with the pain. As Seibert got in a comfortable position, he saw Billy raise his hands which were gloved.

"Did you clean them well?" He inquired. "I told you, those hands and gloves has to be the epitome of cleanliness or you risk infection."

"Yes, I scrubbed them three fucking times." Billy replied. "Now tell me what to fucking do!"

"First you have to manipulate my bones so that they are facing the correct way." Tyrone instructed. "Once you start, you can't stop. I do not care how much it hurts." Billy nodded as he began to move the left arm.

"So, what kind of doctor were you anyway?" he asked.

"I was a -ahh- neurologist at Johns Hopkins hospital." Agent Seibert groaned as Billy positioned his left arm.

"Neurologist? You mean you worked on brains and shit?"

"Exactly."

"So, if you're a brain surgeon, how in the Hell did you end up working for the government?" Billy asked.

"I was recruited for MJ-12." Seibert replied.

"MJ-12?"

"Majestic 12."

"Never heard of it."

"That is because officially...we do not exist."

"Did you volunteer for this shit or what?" Billy asked as Tyrone scoffed.

"You do not ask to be a part of Majestic 12. You are asked." He insisted as Billy began manipulating his right arm.

"Why in the Hell did they want you to work for the government?"

"They -ah- wanted a spy."

"A spy?"

"Yes, In order for Majestic 12 to exert complete control over the populace, they need spies everywhere: the educational system, law enforcement, all branches of the military, healthcare, entertainment, religion, business moguls, even high level politicians are part of MJ-12." Billy let out a long ass whistle as Agent Seibert explained to him how long and how wide the tentacles of Majestic 12 really were.

"So what did you do for MJ-12?" Billy inquired as he began manipulating the left leg.

"Ahh, shit that hurts!" Seibert growled as Billy tried to move the grotesque limb. "At first, they told me to just go about my life like it was business as usual. Then, they started having me deliver messages.

I had to go all over the country. I was meeting with other operatives, giving them updates on certain situations. It was all easy at first."

"When did it change?" Billy asked, his attention focused on Tyrone as he finally manipulated the right leg.

"Ahh, Son of a bitch!" He shouted. "After two years, they started having me do medical procedures."

"Medical procedures?"

"Lobotomies." Agent Seibert clarified. "They brought me patients and they told me that they needed their cranial capacities reduced. At first, I thought they maybe they were test subjects, like MKUltra, but then I realized that they were whistleblowers. People who were trying to expose Majestic 12. My handler wanted these people to be shut up and discredited..."

"So what, you turned them into retards?" Billy asked in amazement.

"In a way, yes." Seibert conceded.

"That is really fucked up." Billy replied.

"Grow a pair boy. I did what I had to do!" Tyrone insisted. "This country needs Majestic 12. People may not like to admit it, but they do. I'm not going to apologize for upholding the status quo. The status quo is God, Billy Hargrove. Things are the way they are for a reason. Rocking the boat won't get you anywhere."

ARE AGENT SEIBERT'S VIEWS TOO RUTHLESS EVEN FOR BILLY HARGROVE? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

7. Remembering Bob Newby

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT IS FROM SECTION8GRL.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Joyce's POV)

She had not meant to start thinking about him, it just happened. Joyce Byers was doing some cleaning in her youngest son's room. Will Byers was usually a very tidy boy. He was a teenager of course, but his room was never overly messy and Joyce usually got done cleaning it in about seven minutes or so. She had just finished and was admiring her son's drawings. Will clearly had a talent for sketches. He himself didn't think so, but even a mouth breather could see the talent. There was however, one sketch that caught Joyce Byers's eye. It was a drawing of a middle aged man in spandex flying through the air, his cape blowing in the wind. As Joyce looked on the page, she found three words only.

BOB NEWBY: SUPERHERO.

As soon as she read those three words, the dam broke and the tears came forth in an onslaught. Joyce had honestly thought she was over Bob Newby. Her emotional distress told a far different story. Joyce loved Hopper dearly. He was going to be her husband by the end of the summer. He was everything that she had ever wanted in a husband. He was funny, he was strong, he cared about Will and Jonathan, he would protect her, and even more, he was going to give her a daughter. Over the three years that El had come into their lives, Joyce had come to love the girl as if she were her own. Of one hand, Joyce had no intention of replacing Terry Ives no that she had recovered. On the other, El had saved her child and Joyce loved her for it. Joyce stepped out of Will's room and went into the kitchen table where she sat down and let the tears out. Jonathan and Nancy were out buying furniture for their apartment, as they were heading off to NYU together in the fall; and Will was over at Dustin's house. Thus, there was no one around to see Joyce crying. Joyce absolutely despised having people see her when she was all emotional. The last

thing she needed was people feeling sorry for her. Sadly, Joyce's hopes for a pity party of one were to be shattered. She heard the door creak and in walked her future husband: Chief Jim Hopper himself.

"Hey Joyce, I picked up those bridal magazines you were asking for." Hopper said as he walked into the kitchen.

"Oh, that's great Hop, thanks." Joyce said as she tried to dry her tears. An effort that proved to be in vain.

"What's wrong?" Hopper asked as Joyce stood up.

"Nothing, I just had something in my eye." Joyce lied. She didn't lie very often, the reason being that she was awful at it.

"Bullshit." The Chief said as he wrapped his arms around her. "You can tell me."

"Well, I went into Will's room and I saw a drawing of..."

"The Upside Down?"

"No." Joyce replied. "Bob."

"Come here, it's Ok." Hopper sighed as he led his bride to be over to the couch. "You still miss him don't you?" Joyce nodded.

"I mean, I just feel so bad because...I loved him but, I didn't love him the way..." Joyce stuttered.

"The way you love me?" Hopper finished as she nodded.

"I mean, he wanted us to move to Maine with him!" Joyce exclaimed. "I couldn't give him an answer, I wanted to say it was because of Will but...I knew it was because of me. It wasn't that I didn't care about him..."

"I know you cared about him." Hopper assured her. "You had to. You and him were so intimate. I know you Joyce. You can't be intimate with anyone unless you care about them. That's just the way you are."

"He died because of me." Joyce wept. "It's my fault." Hopper grew

stern as he grabbed her wrists.

"I better not ever hear you say that again." He ordered. "It is not your fault Joyce. You did not kill Bob, you did not get him killed. He died because of those demodogs and those bastards at the lab. He loved you. I could see it when you two were together and it tore me up. It drove me crazy because I that's how I feel about you. I always have and I always will. You are amazing Joyce." Joyce cried as she buried her face in Chief Hopper's chest.

"I love you so much Hop." She whispered. "So much."

"I know Joyce, and I love you just as much if not more." Jim Hopper said as he held his future wife tightly. It was good for her to let out all the feelings of guilt and self pity. Joyce knew that he was right. Bob had sacrificed himself to save all of them not only because he loved her, but because that was just the kind of man that Bob Newby was. Joyce had cared about him deeply and he did make her happy for the few months that they had been a couple, but as much as she hated to admit it. Hopper was always at the back of her mind. When they kissed, she thought of him and even when they had made love, she would see Hopper's face every time she closed her eyes. Joyce had always felt so guilty about it, but she had to remind herself that Bob would have wanted her to be happy and Chief Jim Hopper definitely made her happy. The plain simple truth of the matter was that Joyce and Hopper were just good for each other, They were both strong and they had both learned to love again.

I LOVE JOPPER FLUFF, BUT NOT AS MUCH AS I LOVE MILEVEN FLUFF. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

8. Wedding Shopping

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS IS A PROMPT FROM SECTION8GRL.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Joyce's POV)

El walked right behind Joyce as they headed into the bridal shop. It was finally time for Joyce to buy a wedding dress and she thought that it would be a good idea to take El with her and pick out her bridesmaid dress. Joyce and El never got to have very much bonding time. The only time that they had been close was at Hawkins Middle School when El had found Barbara and Will in the void. As they walked, El marveled at all the dresses that were on sale and Joyce could not help but feel a little overwhelmed herself. This was so different from her first marriage to Lonnie Byers. Joyce and Lonnie had just gone to the courthouse, signed the paperwork, said their little vows in front of a judge and they were married, just like that. A honeymoon was out of the question as she was already five months pregnant with Jonathan. Now, she could actually get married in a beautiful dress and an actual ceremony with friends and family. There would be a reception with delicious food and a delectable wedding cake. Joyce would be marrying a man that she truly loved and who truly loved her in return. She would have her two blessed boys at her side and she would get to have a daughter. Technically, El would be Joyce's step daughter, but Joyce could not care less. She loved this sweet girl just as much as Terry surly did.

"Welcome." The hostess said as she made her way over to the women. "Which one of you is getting married?"

"Me." Joyce replied.

"Wonderful, we have an amazing selection and you definitely find what you are looking for." The lady said as she led Joyce and El to the Bridal gowns. El had never seen so many white dresses in her life.

"My God, there must be a hundred dresses in here, I don't know

where to even begin!" Joyce exclaimed.

"That one." El decided as she pointed to a plain looking white gown.

"All right, I'll take it into the dressing room." She replied as El helped her get the dress inside. A couple minutes later, Joyce came back out wearing the dress.

"Pretty." El replied smiling as Joyce blushed.

"There are some more dresses that I want to try on and do not forget, we have to find you a bridesmaid dress as well." Joyce stated as she proceeded to try on several more bridal gowns. She looked to El for her opinion, but it was difficult because she thought that Joyce looked pretty in every dress that she tried on. Finally, after trying on over fourteen dresses, Joyce Byers found the one. Her dress. It was long dress that as far as cleavage was concerned did not show too much or too little. It had a beautiful latter running down it and it was sleeveless.

"You look really pretty." El insisted as Joyce kissed her forehead.

"Do you really think that Hop will like this?" She asked her future step daughter nervously. El nodded enthusiastically.

"He loves you." She told Joyce. Joyce sighed as she looked at herself in the mirror.

"Anyway, we still need to find you a dress." She said as she went back into the dressing room and changed out the dress and put it aside. The two then went over to another section to look at dresses that would be suitable for a bridesmaid. El was like a little kid in a candy store as she admired all of the dresses that were on sale. El immediately began to try on dresses that Joyce picked out for her. She was more than happy to take suggestions, seeing as she had little experience in weddings or any social functions for that matter. The only public gathering that she had been to was the Snowball; and she had not even been the center of attention. No one even cared that she was there, except of course, for one Michael Theodore Wheeler. As she tried on dress after dress, none of them really seemed to fit her.

"I have tried on so many!" El complained. "I will never find a dress."

"Don't think that way sweetie." Joyce said. "We are going to find you a dress." El nodded as Joyce kept looking.

"I just...want to look pretty for Mike." She replied as Joyce caressed her cheek.

"El, sweetheart. You could be wearing rags and Mike would still think that you're pretty." She assured the girl.

"Promise?" El asked as Joyce embraced her tightly.

"I promise." Joyce replied. "That boy loves you so much." El nodded as they continued the search. Finally, after going through and ruling out several more dresses, they finally found one. It was a simple blue dress with a flower patten on it. As El tried it on and wore it, Joyce knew that it was the perfect one for her.

"Will Mike like it?" El asked hopefully as Joyce teared up.

"El, he'll love it." She said as El gave her a hug.

"Thank you Joyce." She replied and as the two women embraced, Joyce raised El's chin to face her.

"El, I'm not trying to take Terry's place but...I'm so glad that you're going to be a part of my family." She said as El teared up.

"I'm glad too." El said as Joyce kissed her on the forehead. As Joyce paid for the dresses and left the store, she held El's hand as they walked to her car. Joyce would never be her real mother, but the two did have a special bond and that was all that mattered.

I WISH THERE WERE MORE SCENES WITH JOYCE AND ELEVEN. DON'T WORRY, I WILL HAVE A CHAPTER WITH TERRY AND BECKY. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

9. More Wedding Shopping

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT IS FROM SECTION8GRL.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Hopper's POV)

As Joyce Byers and El Hopper were having some grown up girl bonding time, Chief Jim Hopper was taking his two sons in law for some manly bonding time of their own. Hopper decided to take Will and Jonathan to a *Men's Warehouse*. As Will stepped out of the chief's truck, he thought about how he had never worn a full tuxedo before. Sure, he had gotten gussied up for the Snow ball, but that was just formal, he had never worn a full on suit in his life. Jonathan had when he had attended will's "funeral", a term that all involved used lightly; and Hopper had worn a tux when he was married to his first wife. Chief Hopper never talked about his old life very much. He never referred to his first wife by name, when she did come up in conversation, he always referred to her as "Sarah's mother" and nothing else. Sarah herself did come with slightly more frequency, but Jim never cared to go into too much detail or he would get all emotional.

"These suits had better not make me look fat." Hopper said as he and the boys walked inside. Will chuckled and Jonathan cracked a small smirk. Over the months since Joyce and Hopper had gotten engaged, Hopper had made an effort to get in good with the two Byers boys. Will had been easy, he had gotten along well with Bob and he looked up to Hopper. The chief had saved his life on more than one occasion, so Hopper knew that Will would not be a huge obstacle. Jonathan on the other hand, was not so welcoming. It was not that the eldest son of Joyce Byers hated the chief, far from it. It was just a combination of Jonathan just having a chip on his shoulder, and the other part was that Jonathan had always been the man of the house ever since Lonnie had left Joyce and his boys for younger female flesh. To have someone trying to be a father was not something that Jonathan was used to. However, he had been quite hard on Bob and he had always regretted it. As such, he had promised himself that he

would try to go easy on Hopper. After all, he made his mother happy and she certainly deserved happiness after all the shit she had gone through with Will. As the three men began their search for suits, Will was amazed by how many different kinds and colors there were.

"So, what were you thinking Chief?" Jonathan inquired. "Are you gonna go with the usual black or are you going for a different color scheme?"

"I honestly haven't decided yet." Hopper admitted as he browsed through the different suits.

"Maybe you should try navy blue." Will offered as he pulled out a suit from the rack. "It might look good on you." Hopper considered the choice for a moment and decided to try it on.

"All right, I'll give navy blue a day in court." He agreed as he went into the dressing room to try it on. When he finally came out after two minutes, the two Byers boys were divided in their opinions.

"I think it looks cool." Will stated as Jonathan scoffed.

"It looks lame as Hell." He replied as Hopper swore under his breath.

"Come on Jonathan!" Will started to argue.

"Look, I'll flip a coin OK, heads I wear it, tails I don't." Hopper decided as he flipped it up in the air and the coin landed in the head side.

"Yes!" Will exclaimed as Jonathan sighed.

"Whatever Chief, it's your wedding." Jonathan relented.

"You got that right." Hopper replied. "Will, your size is over there to the left, go find something and bring it back." As Will went on a quest to find the perfect groomsman suit, Hopper sat down next to Jonathan.

"So, what kind of suit are you looking for?" Jim inquired. "Something that says people suck?"

"If you find one, let me know." Jonathan replied.

"Look kid, I know that you are not exactly thrilled with the idea of your mom marrying another guy after the disaster that was Lonnie Byers, but all I'm asking is that you give me a chance."

"Look Hop, I don't have anything against you, OK?" Jonathan clarified for the chief. "I'm not a fan of most people."

"That's obvious." Hopper replied with a small chuckle as Jonathen tried not to smirk.

"The point is, i'm not exactly thrilled about some guy moving in with my mom and pretending to be my dad." he explained.

"I can understand that." the chief admitted.

"But, i've seen you with my mom and you make her really happy and I don't want to get in the way of that. So, if she's happy, then i'm happy." Jonathan stated as Hopper was relieved. Will found a nice navy blue suit to match Hopper's and Jonathan decided upon a straight black suit. As they all admired themselves in the mirror, Hopper reflected on the relative ease with which he had won the boys over. Will had told the chief how Jonathan had just straight up loathed Bob Newby when he was dating Joyce, but for the most part, both boys had been welcoming of Hopper. As for the chief himself, he was actually looking forward to being a father figure for Will since he had never had a son. He still wasn't completely sure if he was a good father, but he swore that he was going to be a better father than that piece of shit Lonnie Byers ever was a promise.

A SHOUTOUT TO SECTION8GRL FOR ALL OF THE GREAT PROMPTS. NEXT TIME, BILLY AND SEIBERT ARE BACK. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

10. The Seibert Family

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. I ALSO DO NOT OWN THE LYRICS TO HUSHABYE MOUNTAIN. ALL RIGHTS BELONG TO THE SHERMAN BROTHERS.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Billy's POV)

Over the next couple of weeks, Billy Hargrove watched as Agent Tyrone Seibert began to regain full control of his arms. Now it was time to work on repairing his legs. The physical therapy on his legs had not been so easy. He struggled to even stand on his own two feet. Walking was practically impossible. Eventually, Billy had to acquire a cane just so Agent Seibert could stand for periods of time. With the cane, Seibert was able to take a few steps, but movement was still difficult. As he was attempting to walk one day, Billy was trying to engage in conversation with him.

"So, the government basically had you giving people brain damage just so that they could cover their own asses?" He asked.

"Yes." Tyrone grunted as he continued to hobble. "I did what they wanted me to."

"Did you ever say no?"

"Of course not, what good would that have done? If I had refused, they would have just gotten rid of me and find someone else who would do it." Billy sighed as he watched Agent Seibert hobble with his cane. He had never really liked the man to begin with. Now the more that Billy learned about his houseguest, the more he was wishing that he had just left him in the ditch where he had found him. Billy Hargrove may be an asshole, but he was no where near as bad as this son of a bitch. At least, that was the opinion that he had.

"Your legs ain't doing too well." Billy pointed out as Seibert shot him a dirty look.

"You think I don't know that?" Tyrone snarled as he smarted through the pain. "I am trying my best, I have to get my strength back. I am going to make that freak and her precious Wheeler pay!"

"I get why you're so Hell bent on getting read of the freak, but what's the deal with Mike Wheeler?" Billy inquired. "What did he do to you that was so damn bad?"

"Trust me, he needs to suffer and I am going to make that boy live out his last hours in complete pain and total agony." the agent insisted.

"That ain't good enough, if you want my help. I want answers. No more lies, no more secrets. Why do you hate Mike Wheeler?" Billy continued to ask until Agent Seibert could take it no more.

"BECAUSE HE HAS NOT SUFFERED ENOUGH!" He screamed in fury. "He needs to suffer. It is not fair that he has a family and a little bitch that loves him and I do not!" Billy's eyes grew quite wide at this outburst.

"No shit, you're jealous of Wheeler." He decided as Seibert shot him another death glare.

"I am not jealous of that little shit. Actually, I am trying to do him a favor." He replied as Billy gave him a strange look.

"OK, you're gonna have to explain that one to me." He said as he sat down. "How exactly are you helping Mike Wheeler by putting his little super powered bitch to sleep?"

"He is young, life has been too kind to him." Tyrone explained. "He needs to learn that the world is not all sunshine and Eggos. It is a cruel and terrible place. The sooner he understands this, the better off he will be." Billy stayed silent as Agent Seibert kept hobbling about, leaning on the cane. remembering all that he had lost.

Baltimore, Maryland. Seven years ago.

(Agent Seibert's POV)

It was past five in the evening as Dr. Tyrone Seibert pulled into the parking lot of his quaint three story home. As he got out of his silver Dodge viper, he could smell the smell of delicious things coming from the house. As he opened the door, the smell of spaghetti and meatballs hit him like a truck. As Dr. Seibert made his way into the kitchen, he found his wife Shawanda, waiting for him.

"Hey handsome, how was your day?" She asked as they shared a kiss.

"It was good baby." He replied, not wanting to tell her about the lobotomies that he had performed. As Seibert helped set the table, his 5 year old daughter, Latisha, ran into the kitchen.

"Daddy!" She squealed as she ran into his arms.

"Hi baby girl, how are you?" He asked as he picked her up in his arms.

"I'm good." She said as he carried her to the table where they ate a delicious meal of spaghetti and meatballs. After dinner, everyone got ready for bed as Tyrone gave his daughter a bath, put on her pajamas, and read her a bedtime story. As he put the book away, he kissed her good night.

"Good night angel." Dr. Seibert said as he went to turn on the music box that he had gotten his daughter for her third birthday.

"Good night daddy." She said as she went to sleep. Seibert smiled as he began to sing her a lullaby.

A gentle breeze from Hushabye Mountain, softly blows o'er lullaby bay.

It fills the sails of boats that are waiting, waiting to sail your worries away.

It isn't far to Hushabye Mountain, and your boat waits down by the key.

The winds of night so softly are sighing, soon they will fly your troubles to sea.

So close your eyes on Hushabye Mountain, wave good-bye to cares of the day.

And watch your boat from Hushabye Mountain, sail far away from lullaby bay.

As Tyrone turned out the lights in his daughters room, he had no idea of the horrors that awaited his family. Horrors that he himself would perpetrate.

WHAT HAPPENED TO CHANGE TYRONE SEIBERT FROM FAMILY MAN TO RUTHLESS KILLER? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

11. El Is Still Pretty

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT IS FROM SECTION8GRL.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Eleven's POV)

When Joyce Byers dropped El Hopper off at the chief's cabin after their bridal shopping spree, she immediately went to her room to put on the dress once again. Once El had out on the bridesmaid dress, she looked at herself in the mirror. In her opinion, she thought that she looked pretty; but at the end of the day, it was not her opinion that mattered. She needed Mike Wheeler to say the words she longed to hear: Still Pretty. El pulled out the Supercom that Hopper had bought her to stay in contact with Mike. Mike had not gone suit shopping with Hopper and the Byers boys. Mike had said that his father was actually going to get off his lay-z-boy and get him a suit for the wedding, or so he said.

"Mike...come in Mike." El said as she turned on the Supercom. After a couple minutes, he responded.

"El. El I'm here. Over." Mike replied.

"I just got back. Over."

"That's good, how did it go? Over."

"It was nice." El said. "Joyce looked pretty and she found me a nice dress to wear. Over."

"I'm sure it looks great on you El. Over." Mike replied as El took a deep breath.

"Mike? Over."

"Yeah El. Over."

"Could you come see, my new dress? Over." El pleaded.

"I don't know El, Hopper gets upset when you and I are alone together. Over." Mike reminded his soulmate.

"Please Mike, I want you to see. Please. Over." El begged. Mike knew that he would never refuse her anything.

"All right, I'm on my way. I'll be there in about fifteen minutes. Over and out." Mike decided. El could feel butterflies in her stomach at the mere thought of Mike coming to be with her. As she waited for her soulmate to arrive, she made sure that her dress was still in good condition and that her hair was done up like Nancy had showed her.

After an agonizing fifteen minute wait, El finally heard the secret knock. She unlocked the door with her powers and then ran into her room. She wanted to surprise Mike.

"El, I'm here." Mike said as he walked into the cabin.

"In my room." She replied as Mike walked over to El's room and opened the door. As Mike Wheeler stepped inside, he could hardly comprehend what he saw. There was El in the beautiful bridesmaid gown that Mrs. Byers had bought just for her. Mike loved the blue fabric.

"El...I...I..." Mike stuttered as she stared intently at him, waiting for the words that she longed for him to say.

"Still pretty?" El asked with her brown eyes full of hope. At the sound of those words, Mike regained his senses.

"El...you are...so pretty." He assured her as she smiled. "You are more than pretty, you are so beautiful." She blushed at Mike's words as he walked over to her and embraced her tightly.

"Hold me forever?" She asked as Mike kissed her.

"I'll hold you for as long as you want El." He swore as he wrapped his arms around her. As they kept their embrace, Mike inhaled her scent. El smelled so wonderful that he pressed his nose to her just so he could keep the scent fresh in his nostrils.

"i love you." she whispered as Mike looked her in the eye.

"El?"

"Yes Mike?"

"I was just wondering...you are so amazing, what did I do to deserve you?" Mike asked. El was so kind and so gentle and so loving, not to mention that she had super powers. Why would such an amazing girl willingly want to spend the rest of her life with a wastoid such as him. El looked into Mike's eyes and put her hands on his cheeks.

"Mike, you do deserve me." She insisted. "You saved me, you made me home. The pillow fort in basement is my home, the home you made for me. You kept me safe, you gave me food, you gave me clothes, and you gave me love. You loved me Mike, do you realize that? You. Loved. Me."

"I'm still do El, you are my everything." Mike assured her. "I can't even imagine a life without you. It's too painful." El pressed her lips to his as they shared a deep kiss that was overflowing with a cocktail of innocence and passion. Mike then proceeded to pick El up off of her feet and carry her in true bridal style over to her bed. He laid her down gently and proceeded to remove her heels gently. He marveled at her smooth legs as he ran his hand over them.

"Mike, I want to snuggle." El said as she reached her arms out to him.

"Anything you want El, I'll do it." Mike swore as he laid down next to El and the two lovers wrapped their arms around each other.

"Anything I want?" El asked sincerely as Mike nodded.

"Anything." He repeated.

"Love me forever." El demanded. "Don't ever leave me."

"I'll always love you El." Mike vowed. "Nothing can take me away from you." El looked into his eyes and smiled as a stray tear fell.

"Promise?" She asked as Mike too felt a tear slip.

"Promise." He replied as Mike and El proceeded to kiss each other's tears away. While the threat of Chief Jim Hopper returning home and catching this display of affection was looming over them, El and Mike did not care because they were home. For them, home was not a place, but a person. Mike Wheeler was El's home and she was his.

I NEVER GET TIRED OF MILEVEN FLUFF. I AM A DAMN ADDICT WHEN IT COMES TO MILEVEN. NEXT TIME, SECRETS COME TO LIGHT. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

12. Mad Max Suspects

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT IS FROM SECTION8GRL AND IS MY FIRST LUMAX CHAPTER.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Lucas's POV)

As Lucas Sinclair rode his bike to the arcade in downtown Hawkins, there were definitely butterflies in that boy's stomach. His girlfriend: "Mad Max" Mayfield had called him with the supercom that he had bought for her as a half year anniversary present and told him that they needed to talk. Lucas was racking his brain like crazy, trying to think of anything that he had done to piss Max off, but nothing came to mind. Normally, Lucas Sinclair was not one to panic. He made it a habit to always be cool and calm and collected. He was the ranger of the party and it was on him to always keep a cool head in order to keep everyone out of danger. As he rode up to the arcade, he looked to see if Max was outside waiting for him. She was not. Lucas heaved a huge sigh and went into the arcade. He found his girlfriend in the first place that he looked: The Dig Dug machine.

"Hey Mad Max." Lucas said as she turned around to face her boyfriend.

"Glad you could make it Stalker." Max said as she wrapped her arms around him and gave him a wet kiss on the lips. Lucas was relieved by this. Surly, she would not have kissed him if she was pissed off. Max took her boyfriend by the hand and led him a way from the crowd. They found a quiet spot where no one was milking around and sat down.

"So what's up?" Lucas asked as Max sighed a great sigh.

"My brother's acting really weird and I needed someone to talk to, OK." She admitted as Lucas took his girlfriend's hands.

"It's cool." He replied. "You can talk to me. What's going on?" Max gave Lucas a small and sad smile as she continued.

"I thought that after what happened..." she started to say.

"You taking a bat to his balls." Lucas remarked as Max laughed.

"Yeah, after I threatened his manhood, I figured that he would back off."

"Is he still screwing with you?"

"No, at least, not as bad as he used to." Max clarified. "That's what's so weird. He barely talks to anyone anymore. He told Neil that he's working on some big project for school out in the shed and he just holes up in there most of the time."

"What do you think he's doing?" Lucas inquired.

"I'm not sure." Max admitted. "I followed him out one time and I put my ear to the door, he was talking to someone. It sounded like an older black guy."

"Why would Billy be talking to a black guy?" Lucas asked. Everyone knew that Billy Hargrove was a racist if ever there was one. That was one of the main reasons why he was so pissed when Max and Lucas began going steady.

"I have no idea. I couldn't quite hear what they were talking about, but they sounded pissed; and honestly, the black guy's voice sounded familiar."

"How?"

"He sounded...like that government agent that attacked us at Castle Byers. The one that killed Dr. Reaves."

"You mean Agent Seibert?"

"Yeah. It sounded a lot like him."

"That's not possible." Lucas insisted. "El broke every bone in his body and the. she flung him away like a stick. You saw her do it, we all saw her. There is no way that he could have walked away from that."

"Billy could have found him and helped heal him." Max countered.

"Why would he help Seibert?" Lucas argued. "He hates blacks and he has no problems expressing it."

"I don't know OK!" Max exclaimed. "All I am telling you is what I heard." Lucas held her close as she calmed down.

"Even if it is him, he has four broken limbs." Luca pointed out. "He can't hurt anyone without working arms and legs."

"Yeah, but he could get Billy to do it for him." Max pointed out in return.

"Let him try. El would blow her shit if he laid a finger on any of us. Especially Mike."

"So, What do we do?" Max asked.

"We just have to keep an eye on Billy and see if we can figure out what he's up to." Lucas decided.

"What if Seibert did survive?"

"Then we'll take care of him, just like we took care of the Upside Down." Lucas promised. Max gave him a small smile.

"Thanks for listening Stalker." She said as she kissed him.

"No problem Mad Max." He replied as he returned his girlfriend's kiss. "Now, how bout I beat your score on Dig Dug." Max scoffed at her boyfriend.

"The game could be rigged and you still wouldn't be able to beat my score." She teased as they went to challenge each other for Dig Dug supremacy. As they played however, Max and Lucas could not get the thought of Agent Tyrone Seibert's possible survival out of their minds. They both knew that if Max had heard right and Seibert was still alive and in the care of Billy Hargrove, Eleven and Mike were both in grave danger. Dr. Martin Brenner had just wanted experiment on the girl. but Tyrone intended to torture Eleven and kill her in that order. Eleven had only shared the memories of Area 51 with Chief

Hopper. She didn't want the party to know how she had suffered at the hands of that beast. She had not even told Mike. Lucas knew that Eleven wanted so badly to spare her boyfriend the pain of what she had endured. Truth be told, Lucas admired her for it. She would rather take all of the pain herself than see the love of her life suffer.

WILL MAX BE ABLE TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

13. King Steve & The Boy

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT IS FROM SECTION8GRL. EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE IS OWNED BY THE POLICE.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Dustin's POV)

Dustin Henderson never said it out loud because he did not want to sound all mushy and shit, but he truly appreciated his friendship with Steve Harrington. Over the months, the two had become rather close. Before Steve had gone off to college, he had taken the bard under his wing. Mrs. Henderson had been quite happy to see her son having an older role model type figure in his life. Steve had aided the party in their battle against the fearsome Demogorgon and the army of Demodogs. He had even taken a savage beating at the hands of supreme asshole Billy Hargrove in order to protect their friends. He was Dustin's hero beyond a reasonable doubt. At first, "King Steve" had been rather hesitant about being seen in public with such a nerd, but he warmed up to the boy and found to his great surprise that he actually enjoyed Dustin's company. Ever since their friendship had begun, Dustin began modeling himself more and more after Steve Harrington. They both were bound by their desire to be the cool guy in the group, but there was also another aspect that binded these two friends.

Indianapolis. Indiana

(Steve's POV)

When Steve had returned from college for the summer, he had heard that *The Police* were going to be doing a concert in Indianapolis. Steve was a huge police fan so naturally he planned to go see them live. He also decided to invite his young protege to go with him. Dustin jumped at the chance. Ever since Steve had bought him a cd featuring *The Police*, Dustin had become an avid admirer of the band. After Steve picked Dustin up, the two jammed out to the music all the

way to Indianapolis.

"So, are you ready for freshman year?" Steve asked as he drove.

"As ready as I can be." Dustin replied. "Jonathan told Will that the work is gonna be like, ten times harder and the that the bullies are even worse." Steve scoffed at the mention of Jonathan's name. He had not spoken to his rival for Nancy Wheeler's affections since they had fended off the Demogorgon at his house. They were both set up to be groomsmen at Jim Hopper's wedding and to say that Steve was turned off by the idea of standing that close to Jonathan Byers was an understatement.

"Well Jonathan's not the expert on everything, so just figure shit out for yourself." Steve cautioned him as Dustin cracked a smirk.

"Still pissed off that he swiped Nancy's sister right out from under you?" He asked as Steve gave him a look.

"Jonathan did not "swipe" Nancy right out from under me, OK?" Steve clarified. "She ditched me for that photo addict."

"I swear, Nancy's always had a stick up her ass." Dustin remarked. "She used to be really cool though. One time, she dressed up as an elf for our elder tree campaign."

"No shit, Nancy Wheeler played *Dungeons And Dragons* with her little brother and his group of nerds?" Steve asked in shock as Dustin flipped him off at the thought of being called a nerd.

"Who are you calling a nerd?" Dustin asked.

"Present company excluded, of course." Steve quickly corrected.

"Anyway, she used to be so cool before she started getting self absorbed." Dustin continued. "You know, Lucas thought that it was because she was going out with you."

"Trust me, Nancy was a stick in the mud long before I shoved my tongue down her throat." Steve assured. "Anyway, how are things on the girlfriend front. You snagged any sweet tail yet?"

"Nope." Dustin sighed. "I cast out my net, only to return with empty hands." Steve nodded as they neared the stadium.

"I can relate to that. It's harder hitting on college chicks than high school chicks." he explained. "I've had a few one night stands, but keepers are an endangered species at Indiana State."

"Well, at least your getting laid, that's better than me." Dustin admitted.

"That's because i've been at this a lot longer than you have. I have seniority." Steve bragged as they struggled to find a place to park. Steve and Dustin walked for about a block until they found the arena and picked up their tickets. As they finally found their seats, the place was packed with fans. Eventually, *The Police* came out and began playing their set. It was as awesome as everyone had expected it to be. They played for over two hours as Steve and Dustin banged their heads along to the awesome hard rock music that was being played to them. Eventually, at the end of the concert. The one song that everyone knew was played. Dustin recognized it immediately.

"Holy shit, this is Mike and El's song." Dustin remarked.

"I didn't know those two had a song." Steve replied.

"When they were at the Snow ball last year, *Every Breath You Take* was the first song that they danced to, it was when they had their first kiss. Steve smiled as Sting began to sing.

*Every breath you take and every move you make
Every bond you break, every step you take, I'll be watching you
Every single day and every word you say
Every game you play, every night you stay, I'll be watching you*

*Oh, can't you see you belong to me
How my poor heart aches with every step you take*

*Every move you make, every vow you break
Every smile you fake, every claim you stake, I'll be watching you*

*Since you've gone I've been lost without a trace
I dream at night, I can only see your face*

*I look around but it's you I can't replace
I feel so cold and I long for your embrace
I keep crying, "Baby, baby, please"*

*Oh, can't you see you belong to me
How my poor heart aches with every step you take*

*Every move you make and every vow you break
Every smile you fake, every claim you stake, I'll be watching you
Every move you make, every step you take, I'll be watching you*

**THIS WAS MY FIRST TIME DOING A DUSTIN AND STEVE
CHAPTER. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.**

14. Picture (un)Perfect

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT IS FROM SECTION8GRL.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Mike's POV)

On this particular day, Mike Wheeler was once again at Chief Jim Hopper's cabin, spending time with his soulmate: El Hopper. They had found some of Hopper's old photo albums and decided that it might be interesting to look through them. El was amazed to see that Hopper used to have a family. He had told El about his daughter once before, but it was a subject that he did not care to go into and El quickly learned not to bring the subject up if she could help it. As Mike flipped through the album, he was surprised to see all of the fun family stuff that Hopper had done when Sara was alive.

"Hopper actually dressed up as a clown for Sara's fourth birthday party?" Mike asked in pure amazement as the only Hopper he ever saw was the gun toting sheriff that always threatened to blow his balls off if he laid one horny teenage finger on his Jane.

"I would have liked to see it." El admitted as she giggled. The thought of Chief Jim Hopper parading about like a clown was too ridiculous to consider.

"So would I." Mike agreed as he kissed his soulmate on the cheek.

"Trust me, no, you would not have." Mike and El quickly turned their heads to see none other than Jim Hopper himself standing in the doorway.

"Dad!" El exclaimed nervously as Mike was even more terrified at the thought of Hopper's boot on his throat.

"We were not making fun of you Chief, honest." Mike pleaded as Hopper stepped inside and shut the door.

"Where did you find those picture albums?" He asked as Mike and El

gulped.

"I did." Mike lied. "They were in the closet. Truthfully, El had found them, but Mike was not about to sell out his soulmate, even if it meant saving his ass.

"You went through my closet?" Hopper said, putting on an angry face. El squeezed Mike's hand tightly.

"I found it. I wanted to know what it was." She insisted. "Don't be mad at Mike." Hopper sighed as he sat down.

"Look, there is a lot of personal things in there." The Chief explained. "Things that I don't really like talking about."

"Like Sara?" El inquired.

"Yes, like Sara." He relented. Mike did not really know a whole lot about Jim Hopper's biological daughter. He knew that he'd had a kid with his first wife and that she had died when she was little and that Hopper's wife had divorced him shortly after.

"She was pretty." El remarked as Hopper took one of the pictures and looked at it.

"Yeah, she was real pretty." He admitted as he admired the photo. "She had so much fun seeing me dressed up as a clown. I tried to learn some...some balloon animals so I could make them at the party; because if you're gonna be a clown, you gotta know how to do balloon animals."

"How did it work out?" Mike asked as Hopper sighed.

"Well, I guess I wasn't very good at it, they came out kind of shitty, but you should have seen the look on Sara's face." He said with a small smile. "She thought that it was just the coolest thing ever that her old man could make balloon animals just like a real clown."

"You must have really loved her if you were willing to humiliate yourself like that." Mike remarked. Hopper looked at him for a moment and then nodded.

"Seeing her face light up like a Christmas tree made it more bearable." He replied. It took damn near everything that Jim Hopper had not to start bawling like a God damn baby.

"Dad?" El said as she frowned at the sight of a stray tear falling down his cheek. "Are you OK?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." Hopper muttered as he rubbed the tear away. "I just wished you two would have asked before you just went pawing through all that stuff."

"I'm sorry." El said, looking downtrodden. "Don't ne so hard on her chief." Mike insisted. "We were just trying to find something to do."

"What do you mean you were trying to find something to do?" Hopper asked incredulously. "There's a lot of stuff to do."

"We've played all the board games, we've watched all the good stuff on TV." Mike argued.

"What else do you want to do?" The Chief inquired. Mike looked at El.

"We could kiss and cuddle." He smirked as El smiled.

"Except that." Hopper insisted as El frowned.

"Mike is my boyfriend." She stated. "He can kiss me whenever he wants and he will kiss me whenever I want."

"Don't test my patience kid." Chief Hopper warned. "I am letting Wheeler come over here as a sign of good faith."

"Sorry Chief, but what El says goes." Mike replied with a smug look on his face. Hopper groaned. After her time at Area 51, El had gotten a lot better at following Hopper's rules since she realized that by not obeying them, she opened herself up to threats. However, Mike Wheeler would always be where her obedience ended. Nothing would keep El away from her Mike. He was hers. Hers. He belonged to her more than anyone else. Just like Sara had once belonged to Hopper.

SARA AND MILEVEN ARE ALWAYS VERY TOUCHY SUBJECTS

**WITH JIM HOPPER. NEXT TIME, WE WILL WITNESS THE
ULTIMATE DOWNFALL OF AGENT TYRONE SEIBERT. REVIEWS
NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.**

15. The Death Of The Seibert Family

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS MENTIONS OF BRUTAL MURDER. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Billy's POV)

Billy Hargrove had no choice but to admire Agent Tyrone Seibert and his sheer force of will. Everyday, Agent Seibert continued to walk around with his cane, trying to improve his leg functions. He was really dedicated to his physical therapy. Most people would find his efforts inspiring, but Billy knew the truth. Seibert was fueled not by an effort to regain control of his life, but by a desire to skin Mike Wheeler and Jane Hopper alive. His hate gave him the fuel he needed to progress through the constant pain that he found himself in. Tyrone was getting very frustrated not only by his lack of progress, but by Billy's constant pestering for information. He always wanted to know everything about Agent Seibert and who he was and who he worked for. Seibert did not want this white punk to know too much, but he was in a desperate situation and he was dependent on the Hargrove boy and required his aid for the time being. However, giving Billy details about his personal life was never easy. Especially, when it concerned his family.

"So, you said you had a wife and a kid?" Billy asked as Tyrone was hobbling laps around the room.

"Yeah." He replied. "Shawanda and Letisha were my world. I met Shawanda in college and we were inseparable."

"Where are they now?" Billy inquired. Agent Seibert was silent for a minute before he responded.

"They're dead." He stated with no emotion. Billy took a wild guess as to who was responsible.

"Let me guess, one of your little Majestic 12 buddies took them out."

Billy remarked as Seibert stared him down.

"No...I killed them." He explained. Billy was floored.

"You killed your own God damn family?" He asked in shock.

"Yes, now why don't you run along and go jam out to Ted Nugent or something. If I need you, I'll call you." Billy shook his head as he stormed out of the shed. Tyrone sat down on the cot, his mind flashing back to the day where his life was permanently changed.

Baltimore, Maryland. Summer, 2011.

(Agent Seibert's POV)

It had been just another long day at the office for Dr. Tyrone Seibert and he was thankful to have not gotten the graveyard shift for once. As he pulled into his driveway, he was looking forward to joining his family for a home cooked meal. He walked into the house to find that it was quiet.

"I'm home." Dr. Seibert shouted to which he received no answer. He went into his study to find papers and files all over the floor and Shawanda looking more furious than she ever had before.

"What are you doing in my study?" He asked. Shawanda shot sharp daggers at her husband.

"I found these in your cabinet." She muttered as she tossed a file at Seibert's feet. They were orders that he had received from his handler at Majestic 12. They were the names of the patients that he had performed Lobotomies on and why they had to have the procedure done on them.

"Why were you going through my things Shawanda?" Tyrone asked furiously.

"Don't turn this on me!" She shouted. "These papers say that you have been performing lobotomies on people who don't need them. Just because they pointing out problems with the government?"

"I haven't killed anyone!" He roared.

"You are turning people into vegetables!" Shawanda screamed. "What is the fucking difference?"

"Won't you even give me a chance to explain myself?"

"What is there to explain?"

"I never wanted to do these things." Dr. Seibert insisted.

"Then why are you doing them?" Mrs. Seibert asked through her tears.

"They are making me. I never asked to be part of Majestic 12, I was asked."

"You could have said no."

"If I had, they would have killed me and found someone else to do it. I did what they told me because I was trying to protect you and Latisha."

"Don't you dare pull that crap with me, Tyrone Seibert. You are not the man I married." They were both quiet for a few minutes until Seibert spoke.

"What are you going to do?" He asked.

"I don't know." Shawanda admitted. "But what I do know is that I am leaving you and I am taking Latisha with me." She stormed out of Tyrone's study as he fell to his knees and wept. He was afraid. Afraid for his family and even more afraid that his wife would try to expose him. He knew what he had to do. He pulled out his phone and called his handler: Agent Noah Wolff.

"Talk to me." Agent Wolff said when he picked up the phone.

"Wolff, it's Dr. Seibert, my wife knows." He said as the agent was quiet in the other end.

"I'll be there in 15 minutes." He said as he hung up the phone. True to

his word, Noah arrived to find a panicked Seibert out on the front lawn.

"She knows!" He exclaimed. "She found the files."

"Do you think she'll go public?" Agent Wolff inquired.

"I don't know." Tyrone admitted.

"Well, She has made herself a liability and she has to be dealt with." Wolff explained as he handed Dr. Seibert a pistol with a silencer attached.

"You want me to kill them?" He asked in pure disbelief.

"It's the only way." Noah insisted. "Kill your wife, then your daughter. Then you put the gun in her hand. Make it look like a murder-suicide."

"I can't!" Seibert objected as Agent Wolff raised a gun at him.

"You do it or I will." He ordered. Tyrone wept as he walked back in the house with the gun in his hand. He found Shawanda at the dinner table. She looked up at him in fear.

"Tyrone, what are you doing?" She asked.

"You made me do this." He wailed as he shot his wife point blank in the head. She fell to the floor with a thud as Dr. Seibert went up to his daughters room. She was fast asleep when he shot her in the head, so she felt nothing. After she died, he let out a loud wail. He drug himself back to the kitchen and placed the gun in Shawanda's hand. When he walked back out to Wolff, the agent was pleased.

"Are you ok?" He asked as Seibert looked him in the eye and said the words that would become his calling card.

"They were liabilities...and you know how I feel about those."

THE KIND DOCTOR AND FAMILY MAN IS DEAD AND A COLD BLOODED KILLER IS ALL THAT IS LEFT. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

16. Picture Perfect

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT IS FROM SECTION8GRL.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Eleven's POV)

After the incident with the photo album, El decided that she wanted to do something special for her dad. One day, she called Mike over and told him about her plan.

"So, what were you thinking of doing?" Mike asked as he and El snuggled on her bed.

"Get a picture of Sarah and put it in one of those things." She replied pointing to a framed picture of her and Mike at the Snow Ball.

"Oh, you wanna frame it?" Mike asked as El nodded.

"A present for dad." She insisted.

"That's a great idea El." Mike agreed. "I think that he would really like it. You know, there's a place in town where they sell picture stuff. I'm sure they do framing."

"But I don't have money." El replied as she cast a forlorn glance at the floor. Mike had explained the concept of money to El, but it was hard for her to understand because she had never actually needed it before. No one had ever used money in the lab and when she needed something she just took it, as the people at the local grocery store had come to learn.

"It's OK El." Mike assured her. "I'll buy it for you, my mom just gave me my allowance today." El smiled at Mike. It was a small gesture compared to what he had already done for her over the two years that they had known each other, but to El it meant just as much. Mike Wheeler was her knight in shining armor. To the chagrin of Chief Hopper, she idolized this boy. Back when El had been in seclusion after she had returned from the Upside Down, Hopper had

bought her a book of fairy tales to help pass the time. El had never read fairy tales when she was a child and Hopper wanted to help her regain her childhood. She took quite a liking to them. Every story she read, she always equated the hero in the stories to Mike. He was the prince climbing up Rapunzel's long hair, he was the prince who woke up Snow White with a kiss, he was the prince who saved the sleeping beauty. Mike Wheeler was her prince Charming. He had saved her that night on Mirkwood, he had made her a pillow fort, he had dressed her and fed her. Most importantly, he had loved her unconditionally.

"Thank you Mike." El said as she kissed him deeply. "I love you."

"I love you too." Mike replied as he returned her kiss. They ended up making out for a couple minutes before Mike was able to regain his senses and notice that time was wasting. "We better get going so we can be back before the chief is." El nodded as they left the cabin and got on Mike's bike.

El held onto Mike as they pedaled into downtown Hawkins. Hopper had been telling her that he was going to get her a bike so she could ride with the party, but he just kept forgetting about it. To tell the truth, El didn't really mind all that much. She enjoyed the way things were now with Mike steering the bike and her hanging on to him, inhaling his scent. As they pulled up to the photo shop, Mike and El held each other's hand. They walked into the shop and began looking at their frame section.

"They have a lot of nice frames here El, which one do you like?" Mike asked as El pointed to one frame in particular.

"That one." She replied as Mike took a look at it. The frame was white with the words MY DARLING on one side and DAUGHTER on the other.

"It's great." Mike agreed. "Let's get it." El took the frame up to the counter and handed the lady a picture of Sara. She placed it into the frame and Mike paid for it. It cost him his entire allowance for that week, but he didn't care. He was just happy to see El happy. They biked all the way back to Hopper's cabin where they were happy to

find that he wasn't home yet.

"I guess we have some free time." Mike said as El pulled him over to the couch and began making out with him.

"I love you Mike." El said once they came back up for air.

"I love you too El." Mike replied. Fifteen minutes later, Chief Hopper returned home from work.

"Hi dad!" El exclaimed as the chief closed the door behind him.

"What you kids been up to?" He asked. "No funny business, I trust." He was looking right at Mike.

"No sir, nothing happened." Mike assured him as El went into her room to get the framed picture of Sara.

"So, are you going to tell me what you kids did while I was at work?" Hopper asked as he sat on the couch. Mike nodded as El slowly walked back out and stood in front of her dad.

"Present." She said as held out the picture. Hopper took it from her and looked at it. It was a photo of Sarah in a princess costume that she had worn for Halloween. As he admired the photo and the frame that it came in, a few stray tears fell down from his eyes.

"El picked out the frame herself." Mike said proudly.

"Do you like it?" she asked as Hopper wrapped her in a hug.

"I love it kid, thank you." He replied as he stood up and put it over the fireplace with other heirlooms. As he and El and Mike admired the photo, Hopper kissed his daughter's head. He missed Sara beyond reason, but at least he had El to try and fill the void. Jim Hopper was grateful for both of his darling daughters.

I MIXED IN SOME MILEVEN FLUFF ALONG WITH THE FATHER/DAUGHTER STUFF. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

17. Bad Dream, Good Reality I

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS MENTIONS OF CHILD ABUSE. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED. I DO NOT OWN THE LYRICS TO *LOVE OF MY LIFE*. RIGHTS BELONG TO QUEEN.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Mike's POV)

As Mike Wheeler lay sleeping in his bed, the night was unusually quiet. As usual, he was dreaming of El. Her hands cupping his cheeks, her big brown eyes piercing into his soul, her tender lips on his. Those were the best dreams and thankfully Mike had them often. On this night, he was having an amazing dream where he and El were at the beach, laying on the wet sand, making out to the sounds of seagulls and gentle waves crashing against the shore. He was kissing his fantasy when he was suddenly woken up. He opened his eyes to see El standing next to his bed in the pink fuzzy pajamas that Joyce had bought her.

"El?" Mike asked groggily. "Am I still dreaming?"

"No Mike, I'm here." She replied. Mike was worried, he knew that El wouldn't sneak out in the middle of the night unless something was seriously wrong.

"Is everything OK?" He inquired as El shook her head.

"I want to snuggle." She insisted.

"All right." Mike said as he moved the sheets so El could get in bed with him. They wrapped their arms around each other and in that instant, they were home.

"Tighter Mike." El pleaded. "Hold me tighter." Mike obliged and held his soulmate as tightly as he could without hurting her.

"Please talk to me El, what's wrong?" Mike whispered into her ear. El didn't answer him. Instead she buried her face in his chest and

inhaled his scent. She was pawing at her soulmate as if she was afraid that he would vanish into thin air at any moment. El reached up her hand and gently touched his face.

"You're real." she said as a single tear of joy ran down her cheek.

"Of course i'm real." Mike assured her. He then realized what had happened. "Did you have a bad dream?" El nodded.

"Bad..." She whimpered as Mike cupped her chin.

"I'm here if you want to talk about it." He told her. El did not particularly want to relive it, but if it meant that Mike would comfort her and give her love and compliments, it was worth the pain.

"The bad men...they took me back to the lab." She said as Mike stroked her cheek. "Papa was there." Mike took a deep breath at the sound of that name. Dr. Martin Brenner was the scum of the Earth, He and Agent Seibert would have a fun time in Hell. El was still so afraid of him and still called him Papa. It showed that even though he was dead, the fear that he had instilled in her was still holding on.

"What did he do?" Mike asked. He was afraid to know what new horrors that Brenner had put his El through, even if it was in a dream; but at the same time, Mike had to know. He didn't want El to suffer alone. Her pain was his pain.

"He wanted me to do bad things." She said painfully.

"What bad things?" Mike asked.

"I can't remember...but they were bad." El replied. "I told him no. He pulled down my pants and started spanking me. He kept telling to do the bad things, but I wouldn't." Mike kissed El on the lips in a desperate attempt to take her pain away. It reminded him of the time that he and Will and El were hanging out and she had seen a naughty child being spanked on TV and had gotten scared. This had led to the revelation that Spanking had been one of Dr. Brenner's favorite forms of punishment. When he didn't feel like having men drag El to the small room, he would pull her over his lap, lift up her gown and just go to town on her bare ass with his hand, or with a paddle if he was

feeling especially evil.

"Then what happened?" Mike softly inquired.

"He stopped spanking me and...he dragged you into the room." El wailed as tears rained down. "He began hitting you so hard. over and over and over. I begged him to stop, I told him that I would do whatever he wanted me to. I just wanted you to be safe." Mike cried at the thought of El having to do something that she didn't want to do, just to save him.

"Did you do the bad things?" Mike asked as El shook her head.

"Papa said it was too late...he beat you until you died!" El wailed. "He made me take your body in my arms and he told me that I did it. I killed Mike, I killed Mike, I killed Mike. He made me say it over and over." She cried heavily as Mike held her close.

"El..."

"I'm sorry Mike, i'm the monster." She wept as he looked into her beautiful eyes.

"No El. You are not the monster." Mike told her. "You saved us...you saved me. I wouldn't be alive if it weren't for you. I wouldn't want to live without you ."

"Promise?" She asked as Mike kissed her.

"Promise." He said as she returned his calmed down as she looked up at her one true love.

"Mike..."

"Yeah El..."

"Can you sing?" She asked.

"You want me to sing?" He asked as El nodded. He racked his brain for a good song. The he remembered what he had sang after El returned from Area 51. He cleared his throat and softly began.

Love of my life, you've hurt me

You've broken my heart and now you leave me

Love of my life can't you see, bring it back, bring it back

Don't take it away from me, because you don't know, what it means to me

Love of my life, don't leave me

You've taken my love and now desert me

Love of my life, can't you see

Please bring it back, bring it back

Don't take it away from me, because you don't know, what it means to me

Who will remember, when this is blown over, and everything's all by the way

When I grow older, I will be there at your side to remind you

How I still love you

Please bring it back home to me, because you don't know what it means to me

Love of my life, love of my life

El and Mike stared into each other's eyes. Their love was all they needed to survive the cruel world.

"Love of my life." El whispered.

"Love of my life." Mike whispered as they shared one last kiss and fell asleep in each other's arms.

**I WANTED A MIXTURE OF ANGST AND FLUFF IN THIS CHAPTER.
REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.**

18. Bad Dream, Good Reality II

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS PROMPT IS FROM SECTION8GRL

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Hopper's POV)

On most nights, Chief Jim Hopper didn't really get a good night's sleep. In his pre-father days, he had always gone to bed hung over or had hardly gotten any sleep at all after taking to bed one girl after the other, the once he had taken El in, there were many nights when he stayed up, trying to soothe his daughter's tortured soul. Now that he was sleeping at Joyce's house three nights a week, he was sleeping much better. However, there were always circumstances that he couldn't control. Two nights after El had snuck out to be with Mike, such a circumstance presented itself. Hopper was sleeping soundly when he was suddenly awoken by the sounds of a woman crying bloody murder. He woke up and turned on the lights. It was Joyce. His Joyce, screaming in agony.

"Will! Will, please...I love you so much! I love you more than anything in the world! Please come back to me!" She screamed as Hopper held her tightly.

"Joyce! Joyce wake up! You're having a nightmare!" He shouted as he tried to wake up his future wife. She eventually woke up and looked at the love of her life.

"Hop...?" Joyce asked in tears as she clung to him.

"It's all right Joyce, it was just a bad dream." The Chief assured her as he kissed her deeply on the lips.

"Yeah..." she agreed, but anyone could have told you that she did not sound convinced.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Jim asked as Joyce shook her head, she most certainly did not want to talk about it. However, she knew

that Jim Hopper was stubborn as Hell and he would not let the matter drop until he was satisfied that she was feeling better.

"It was Will." Joyce said after a few minutes. "He was gone. That shadow...thing to him back to the Upside Down."

"It wasn't real Joyce." Hopper assured her. "Will's in his room asleep." Joyce was quiet for a moment.

"Can we go check please?" She asked. He nodded as they slowly got out of bed and softly moved down the hall to Will's bedroom. Joyce opened the door just enough so that she could see inside and sure enough, Will was safe in bed, sleeping like a baby. Joyce breathed a sigh of relief as she closed the door.

"I told you Joyce, Will is safe and sound." Hopper told her as they snuck back to their bedroom.

"You're right Hop, it just felt so real though." She replied.

"Well, if it makes you feel better, Jane had a nightmare a couple of nights ago." He said as Joyce turned to him.

"Was she OK?"

"Yeah, she snuck out and went to Wheeler's house."

"Did she tell you?" Joyce asked as the Chief shook his head.

"She thinks that I don't know, but you can't sneak out of a cop's house." Hopper answered. "I'm not gonna punish her though, she needed to know that Wheeler was OK and she never would have believed it unless she saw him living and breathing with her own eyes."

"Hop, when are you going to cut Mike a break?" Joyce sighed. "He loves El more than anything in the world. He's not some high school horn dog who just wants to get in her pants."

"I know that and I want to go easy on the kid, really I do." Hopper insisted. "But Jane is my girl and Wheeler is the guy who's trying to take her away...and he will always be the guy who's trying to take

her away."

"I know how that feels Hop." Joyce sympathized. "It's going to be OK. Trust me."

"I do trust you Joyce and I trust Jane too." Hopper stated. "Wheeler not so much." Joyce let out a small giggle as she snuggled up next to her man.

"Hold me Hop." She pleaded as he pulled her tightly into his arms.

"I love you Joyce." Jim assured her. "I have always loved you." Joyce relaxed from her tension as the Chief held her and kissed her. She always felt safe when Hopper was around her. He wasn't like Lonnie who always used to cuss her out and make her feel worthless. He wasn't like Bob either. Bob had made her feel safe of course, but he just wasn't the type of man who would fight tooth and nail for her, despite the bravery of his final hour on Earth. Joyce was sure that she had loved Bob and as much as she hated to admit it, she had cared for Lonnie at some point in their sham of a marriage. None of those feelings could compare though, to the feelings that she felt for Jim Hopper. He had touched her heart in a way no other man had. Sure, he had a rough exterior due to his drinking and watching his own daughter waste away before his very eyes, but Joyce had managed to excavate beneath that unpleasant exterior and see the chief for who he really was. He was a kind man who clearly loved his adopted daughter and he had always loved Joyce, despite her mistakes, despite everything that had happened. Hopper was there for her and he always had been.

**JOPPER IS MY SECOND FAVORITE SHIPPING BEHIND MILEVEN.
REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.**

19. Mommy & Daughter Day

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS BORROWS SOME ELEMENTS FROM *SUSPICIOUS MINDS*. THAT STORY BELONGS TO GWENDA BOND.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Eleven's POV)

El was feeling small bouts of excitement as she held her hand out the window. Her mother and her aunt Becky had finally found a place in Hawkins and had finished moving all of their stuff into it. Now that their home was livable, Becky had invited her niece over for her first visit. El was happy to go and she was looking forward to actually talking with her mother like a normal person. However, there had been a snag in their plans and it had involved a certain Mike Wheeler. Chief Hopper was surprised that El actually wanted to take Mike with her to see her mother. Hopper had argued with her, claiming that it would be good for El to have a visit with just her and her mom and her aunt. She on the other hand protested that she wanted Mike to officially meet her real family.

"Damn it kid, can't you go one day without seeing Wheeler?" Hopper asked in frustration.

"He needs me." El would always point out whenever Hopper tried to keep them apart. Technically, they had met before, but it had been when Dr. Cameron Reaves had used the experimental drug *Omnirix* to repair Terry's brain and such a time was not really the best time to introduce your soulmate and future husband to your family. El and Hopper had argued considerably about the idea of Mike accompanying her. Eventually, fate intervened however. To El's dismay and Hopper's relief, Mike was unable to go with El. A close relative had died and the entire Wheeler family was going down to Lebanon, Indiana for the funeral and would spend the night there. Never the less, El was happy to be spending some much needed and much deserved quality time with her mother and her aunt. As Hopper pulled into the driveway of the Ives residence, he couldn't help but feel a little worried. He had been talking with Becky over the phone

and she has been toying with the idea of having Jane move out of Hopper's cabin and move in with them.

"My sister has a right to be with her daughter!" Becky had insisted. Hopper had no intention of losing the only daughter that he had left and he explained this to Becky. Becky had replied by reminding him of the fact that Terry was now mentally competent thanks to Dr. Reaves. They had both been dismayed when the chief reported to them that Reaves had been murdered and they had even made the trek out to his makeshift grave to pay their respects to the fallen theoretical physicist who had given Terry her life back. Hopper was in a tough position. Terry did have rights to Jane and he didn't want to keep her daughter away from her. On the other hand, Jane had given him a whole new lease on life and Joyce was really looking forward to having her become a part of their family. To her credit, Becky assured the chief that the decision would be Jane's to make. Terry of course did not know what Becky was planning. She could never force her daughter to choose between her and Hopper. As soon as El went inside, Terry wrapped her daughter in a huge hug.

"Oh Jane, I'm so glad to see you." She said as she kissed her daughter. "I've missed you so much."

"I missed you too mama." El replied as she cherished her mother's embrace.

"Come on, let me show you around the house." Terry said as she took El by the hand. "It's nothing fancy, but it's nice."

"It's bigger than dad's cabin." She remarked as Terry showed her around. As they left, Chief Hopper turned to Becky Ives.

"Just for the record, who is Jane's real dad?" He asked as Becky sighed.

"His name was Andrew Rich." She replied. "He and Terry were college sweethearts."

"So, where is he?"

"That bastard Brenner pulled some strings and got Andrew drafted

into Vietnam a couple months after Terry started MKUltra. Jane was conceived about a month after."

"Did Terry ever tell Andrew that he knocked her up?" Hopper inquired as Becky shook her head.

"I guess you could say that they were on a break when he left for 'Nam." She answered. "He did love my sister. He was actually thinking of asking her to marry him. He chuckled the plan after he got called up. He told me that he wanted to make her a wife, not a widow. If he came back in one piece, he'd propose."

"He didn't come back?"

"The letters stopped after Terry gave birth. About a year after her mind got screwed up, I wrote Andrew and told him what had happened. It was returned unopened. I got a call from the department of defense two weeks later. Apparently, private Andrew Rich is classified as a POW."

"The Vietcong got him?"

"Yep, he's probably dead by now."

"Does Terry know?" Jim asked.

"Nope, she hasn't even talked about him. I'm kind of taking a "if she don't ask, I don't tell" approach when it comes to Andrew. Hopper nodded as he watched El and Terry talking together. They were always so happy when they were together. Terry always loved playing with El's hair and singing music from her chief was glad to bring them together because El deserved a mother that loved her as much as Terry did.

REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

20. Love On The Water

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Hawkins. Indiana.

(Mike's POV)

A few days later, the party decided that it would be the perfect day to take a swim at the town pool. It was Hawkins's newest attraction. Ever since the success of *Starcourt Mall*, the town had been in the midst of an economic boom. As a result, Mayor Larry Kline had overseen the building a several new attractions for the people of Hawkins. The town pool being but one of them. Mike and the rest of the party had already been there once and had a great time. El however, yet yet to go with them. When Mike had broached the idea with Chief Hopper, he was unsure. As far as he knew, El couldn't swim and her experiences with water had been tainted due to the sensory deprivation tank. Mike would not be deterred.

"Look kid, I know you want her to do normal fun things and I do too." Hopper insisted. "I just think that you should wait a little bit longer before taking her to a swimming pool."

"Come on chief." Mike argued. "I'll be there to look after El, I can teach her how to swim." Hopper sighed. He was trying to get Mike off the idea before El got in on it. Once she got in on an argument between her father and her soulmate, she would take Mike's side every time; even when he was wrong which he could be at times. Eventually, Hopper stopped fighting the inevitable and gave in.

"All right, she can go." He relented. "But someone had better be supervising you."

"Steve's taking us." Mike replied. Steve Harrington wasn't a model citizen in Jim Hopper's book, but he was better than nothing. On the appointed day, Steve piled the entire party into his mom's van and headed for the pool. They had to make a quick detour at *Starcourt Mall* to buy a bathing suit for El. She and Max headed into *The Gap* and began looking for suits. They spent the better part of fifteen

minutes in the store before they came out with shopping bags in their hands. Mike had wanted to go with them, mainly since he had never seen his girl in a bathing suit before, but Mad Max had shut him down.

"You'll see it at the pool." She replied. Mike would have certainly pouted all the way there if El hadn't have cuddled up to him in the back seat. Steve and the party arrived at the town pool and everyone went into the designated changing guys did their business quick ply and jumped in the pool, except for Mike and Lucas. They were waiting for their women. Max came out first in a plain red bikini top and bottom. Lucas was drooling and rightfully so.

"Wow, you look..." Lucas tried to say, but the poor boy was tongue tied.

"I know how hot I look, no need to drool stalker." Max replied as she kissed him on the lips and dragged him into the pool. Mike waited patiently for the love of his life to come out; and come out she did. El appeared as a vision of Venus herself. She was wearing a pure pink bikini. As Mike stared in awe, El was more exposed to him than she ever had been before. He could see her small stomach, her long legs, her strong back. All were visible as El stood before her one true love, awaiting his blessing.

"Am I pretty Mike?" She asked in an innocent voice.

"El..." Mike tried to form words, but he was too busy gasping for air. El ran over and put her hands on his cheeks.

"Are you ok Mike?" She asked as she caressed his red cheeks.

"Yeah, it's just,,,you are so beautiful El." Mike replied as El blushed and smiled.

"I told Max that I wanted to look pretty for you," El explained. "I always want to look pretty for you." Mike smiled.

"You always look pretty to me El, no matter what you wear." He insisted as the two shared a kiss. "Do you want to go swimming?"

"I...don't know how." She replied.

"Do you want me to show you how?" Mike asked as El nodded. He took her hand in his and he led her over to the pool. They walked down the stairway until they were waist deep in the water. El was shocked at the freezing cold, but she got used to it. Mike showed her how to float and do forward and backward strokes. It took a little bit for El to overcome her nervousness about floating in water, but eventually she got the hang of it. El then saw Dustin and Will doing cannonballs by jumping off the diving board.

"I want to try." El pleaded. Mike was a little nervous for his girlfriend.

"Are you sure?" He asked as she nodded.

"OK." He replied as she asked for our and walked over to the board. She walked on and looked down where Mike was waiting to catch her. She took a deep breath and jumped in. She landed right in her lover's arms.

"Ah, Mike!" She cried as he held onto her.

"Hey, hey, it's okay." Mike assured his love. "Come here, I've got you El, relax OK, relax against me."

"OK"

"You all right?"

"I think so." El replied as Mike grinned.

"You did it!" He exclaimed as El returned his smile.

"I did it!" She exclaimed in turn as she leaned back. "It feels nice...I'm weightless."

"That's 'cause we're carrying you, you know?" Mike explained. "The water and me. We're both carrying you."

"I like being carried."

"You like it El?"

"I love it." El insisted as he set grip on Mike slipped for a brief

moment. She grabbed back in in fear.

"It's OK El." Mike replied as her fingernails dug into his skin

"Mike, don't let go!" She begged as the Wheeler boy looked into her beautiful brown eyes.

"It's okay, it's okay."

"Stay with me Mike." El begged. "Don't let go."

"There's no chance of that, El Hopper." The Paladin assured his mage.
"I'm never going to let you go."

REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

21. A New Victim & An Old Foe

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS MILD CHILD ABUSE AND RACISM. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

Hawkins, Indiana

(Billy's POV)

Billy Hargrove was nearing the end of his rope as far as his houseguest was concerned. Agent Tyrone Seibert had almost completely healed from his wounds and was moving around well enough with the cane. He still had a slight limp, but it was manageable. What was not manageable however, were his constant demands. Agent Seibert was running Billy ragged with his needs. Every day it was something that he had to go fetch something for his houseguest. One day, it was a suit, the next day it was morphine for his pain. One thing after another after another. Billy honestly did not know how much longer he was going to be able to put up with this man's shit. Seibert had promised awesome and terrible vengeance against his botch of a sister, but no such revenge had been taken and all He ever talked about was Wheeler and his girlfriend. It all came to a head one day when Tyrone announced that he wanted Billy to take him somewhere in his car.

"Why do I have to drive you around?" Billy asked. "Am I your fucking driver now?"

"We are so close to the revenge we seek." Agent Seibert explained. "My wounds have almost healed, but we will need weapons and ammunition. A great deal of them."

"And where exactly do you think we are gonna find a large pile of guns and ammo in a dump like Hawkins?"

"There is one place: Hawkins National Lab."

"The lab!" Billy exclaimed. "Didn't the feds shut that place down?" After Barb had returned to Hawkins alive, with the aid of the late Dr.

Cameron Reaves, she and Nancy had gone to Murray Baumann; the man that the Holland's had hired to find their daughter and with his help concocted a story about Barb being infected with an unknown disease and being held captive by the lab. As a result, Murray had published an article and Mr. and Mrs. Holland took the lab and the Department of Energy to court. The Department of Energy reached an out of court settlement with Barb's parents for an undisclosed amount and had ordered that all activities at Hawkins National Laboratory be suspended indefinitely.

"The building is still there, there may have been some supplies left behind." Seibert argued. He knew that it was a long shot, but it was the best option they had where there was a low chance of discovery. Billy was about to argue when the door to the shed burst open and Neil Hargrove walked in. He took one look and his eyes shot wicked daggers at his son.

"William Neil Hargrove!" He exclaimed. "What do you think you are doing, First your slut of a stepsister starts going out with a spook and now, you're keeping on in my shed!"

"Dad, it's not like that..." Billy protested as Neil grabbed his throat.

"You think that you can make a fool of me boy!" He shouted. "I will tan your hide!" Billy was beginning to lose oxygen when he heard a loud crack. He saw his father stumble to the floor, over looking him was Tyrone with a now bloodied cane in his hand. Neil looked up at him in horror.

"Who you calling spook, cracker?" Agent Seibert as he brought his cane down hard on Neil's face. Blood splattered everywhere as Seibert brought his cane down on Mr. Hargrove over and over and over again. When he finished, Neil Hargrove was dead and his face was unrecognizable.

"Holy shit!" Billy yelled. "What the fuck did you do?"

"He was a liability and you know how I feel about those." Tyrone replied. "We are going to the lab. Get your car ready and I'll take care of the body." Billy said nothing as he did what Agent Seibert told him while he shoved the body of Billy's father under the bed. Once that

was finished, he got in Billy's car and the two headed for Hawkins National Lab. When the two arrived, they snuck past the debris that had been put around to deter sightseers and snuck in. They found the lab in complete disarray, the lights were off and there was trash everywhere. They used flashlights to search around, desperate to find anything of use.

"Hey Tyrone!" Billy called out. "I found the jackpot." Agent Seibert followed the sound of Billy's voice and found him in an office where there was a huge pile of guns and ammo on the desk.

"Yes, we can use this." Seibert replied as he began loading bullets into some pistols.

"What's this?" Billy asked as he held up a file. Tyrone looked through it and saw a picture of Eleven.

"It's Wheeler's slut." He said as he read the file.

"I would appreciate it if you did not go through my things." Billy and Agent Seibert turned around to see an old man with white hair walk through the door.

"What the Hell!" Billy exclaimed.

"Who are you?" The man asked. Seibert stepped forward with the file.

"Two men who share a common goal." He said as he handed over the file. The old man looked at it and stared at them intensely.

"It seems that we do." He replied as Tyrone offered his hand.

"Agent Tyrone Seibert." He said as the man shook his hand.

"Dr. Martin Brenner."

**BRENNER IS ALIVE! WHAT WILL THIS MEAN FOR THE PARTY?
REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.**

22. Hopper & Joyce Make Love

I DON'T OWN STRANGER THINGS. THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS SMUT. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Joyce's POV)

Joyce Byers was absolutely giddy with excitement as she lit candles around her home. All of the kids were sleeping over at a friends house and her fiancé: Chief Jim Hopper had gotten off work early. Joyce had prepared a special dinner for herself and her love. chief Hopper arrived at seven, right on time. As he entered the Byers residence, Joyce grinned as she leaned into him and kissed him deeply upon the lips.

"Damn Joyce, What did I do to get such a greeting?" Hopper chuckled as he returned her kiss with equal passion.

"Nothing, I just like having you all to myself, that's all." She replied as she led her man inside. Joyce had made a delicious meal of lasagna and the chief was captivated by the lovely smell that filled the house. As they both took their seats at the dinner table, they both were trying not to gaze at each other and failing miserably.

"So, where are the boys tonight?" He inquired.

"Well, Jonathan is off with Nancy somewhere and Will is sleeping over at Lucas's." Joyce answered. "Do I have to guess where El is?"

"Yes, she's with Wheeler." Hopper sighed. "That was the first thing she asked when I told her that I wasn't going to leave her home alone."

"Can you blame her Hop?" Joyce asked with a chuckle. "They're crazy about each other."

"Yeah I know." Hopper replied. He just wished that he could stop worrying that Mike Wheeler was going try and deflower his daughter.

"Speaking of El, how was her visit with Terry?" Joyce inquired. "I

know that they haven't had much time to be together since she was cured."

"It was all right." Hooper replied as he looked down.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, I kind of lied to Becky."

"What do you mean?"

"We started talking about Jane's actual father and..."

"I thought that Brenner was..."

"God forbid." Hopper said quickly. "His name is Andrew Rich. He knocked up Terry right before she got involved with the lab. Brenner pulled some strings in the DOD to get him drafted into the war. I told Becky that I didn't know him, but I did. We served together in Vietnam but we lost touch after I went home on leave."

"So where is he?" Joyce asked.

"He's been declared POW." Hopper replied. "The Vietcong must have got him." Joyce walked over and began rubbing Jim's shoulders.

"I'm so sorry Hop." She said as she caressed him.

"It is what it is." He insisted. "I don't want to think about that tonight, I just want to enjoy being here with you."

"Me too." Joyce agreed as she began kissing him. They finished their dinner quickly and then Hopper picked Joyce up off her feet and carried her in bridal style to the bedroom.

As Jim shut the bedroom door, he set Joyce down on her bed. The chief removed his clothes as Joyce did the same. She pulled her man over to the bed and kissed him in a ravenous manner. He did the same as he moved to down to her beautiful breasts. They were not small, but they were also not massive. They were the perfect size, at least as far as Jim Hopper was concerned. He moved his head down

and sucked on them like there was no tomorrow. Joyce shrieked with glee as he hit her tender pink nipples.

"Hop!" She cried out.

"Do you want me to stop?" He asked.

"Hell no." She replied as he ran his face down her stomach and abdomen. When Hopper got to her crotch area, Joyce spread her legs as he mounted her in the missionary position. As he entered her, Joyce let out a moan of content. As the Chief made love to her, he felt a surge of pleasure that only Joyce Byers could give. He had screwed many women in his day. He knew though, that one night with Joyce was worth a thousand and one nights with all of those women combined. When he and Joyce slept together, it wasn't just mindless sex, it was true love making; and they enjoyed every second of it. Finally, Hopper felt that he was at the point of no return. Luckily for him, Joyce was also ready to finish.

"Joyce, I'm gonna...Joyce I'm gonna cum!" Hopper shouted as he was deep inside.

"Me too!" Joyce exclaimed as she grabbed onto him tightly. They both reached a state of pure ecstasy that could not be described by words. When they had regained their senses, Hopper and Joyce laid back on the bed, nestled in each other's arms.

"You were amazing." He said as Joyce smiled at her future husband.

"You weren't so bad yourself." She remarked as she buried her face in his chest.

"Weren't so bad." Hopper said, feigning offense at his future wife.

"I'm just joking Hop." Joyce assured him as they shared a deep kiss. As they held each other tightly, they both knew that there was no place they would rather be. They both felt safe and loved and wanted. Jim Hopper and Joyce Byers were home.

NEXT TIME, WE EMBARK ON A SEARCH FOR ANSWERS. EL SEEKS THEM...AND SO DOES SOMEONE ELSE. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

23. Daddy Issues

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS

Hawkins, Indiana

(El and Terry's POV)

It was Sunday and Sundays had become the designated day for the Ives women to get together. El enjoyed spending time with her mom and Terry absolutely doted on her daughter. El loved Joyce of course, but Terry was her blood. The two never really went anywhere, but from the look of it, they did not have to. They just talked for hours on end. Now that Terry was able to talk, she went on and on. No matter how annoying it got at times, neither Becky nor El told her to shut up. They would rather have her talk incessantly than not at all. On this particular Sunday, Becky was doing work around the house while El and Terry were in her bedroom. They were both sitting on the bed as Terry worked on her daughters hair. She was attempting to give her pigtails but...let's just say that there was a reason why Terry Ives didn't major in cosmology. El did not give a soaring shit. Making the valiant but doomed effort made her mama happy and if mama was happy, so was she. As Terry was messing with her hair, El decided that now would be as good a time as any to ask her a question that had been on her mind for sometime.

"Mama?"

"Yes my darling?"

"Who's my real dad?" El asked as Terry stopped and considered the question.

"What do you mean Jane?" Terry asked in turn.

"I know that Hopper isn't my real dad?" El explained. "He just adopted me. You're my real mom, not Joyce. I just wondered who my real dad is?"

"Well..." Terry said, attempting to explain the best she could.

"Was it papa?" El asked in fear. Terry swallowed the bile that was filling her throat. Dr. Martin Brenner was the spawn of evil itself. When she was told that Brenner had been killed by the Demogorgon, she felt a mixture of gladness and disappointment. On one hand, Terry was grateful that the sick bastard was in Hell where he belonged; and on the other hand, she was frustrated because she had not been the one to send him there for all that he had done to her loved ones.

"No Jane, he is not your real father." Terry assured her daughter.

"Than who is?" El inquired as Terry looked at a picture on her dresser drawer. It was a snapshot of a younger Terry with a handsome clean shaven man on the campus of Indiana University at Bloomington.

"His name was Andrew." Terry said softly.

"Where is he?"

"He had to go away..."

"Where?" El asked as Terry cursed her inquisitive nature.

"It's a place called Vietnam." She replied.

"Dad went to Vietnam." El remarked. "He said he fought a war there."

"Really?" Terry asked in surprise. Chief Hopper had never told her that he was a Vietnam veteran.

"Dad came back, why didn't Andrew?"

"I wish I knew baby." Terry said as she continued her work on El's hair. They were both quiet for a few minutes and nothing was said until El spoke up once again.

"What was he like?" She asked.

"Andrew was..." Terry said as she reminisced about her first actual boyfriend. "He was so kind, and so smart. No one could make me feel as pretty as Andrew did." Andrew Rich was the only man that Teresa Ives had ever really loved. Becky had been always been the one that

the boys went after with her recklessness and her take no shit attitude. She seemed like a good time waiting to happen. Terry had always been more shy and reserved. However, Andrew had not settled for Terry after Becky had turned him down. She was his first choice. Becky still had not told her sister that her true love was a prisoner of war. Terry just assumed that Andrew had moved on with his life and forgotten about her, despite the fact that she had not forgotten about him. Terry just hoped that wherever Andrew Eich was, he was happy.

Bloomington, Indiana.

(Andrew's POV)

As Andrew Rich stepped on the campus of what would have been his former alma mater, he was somewhat relieved that not much had changed. He was a disheveled looking man wearing a coat that was too big for him, ratty jeans and a union cap. Andrew kept his head down as he made his way to the administrative building. He was afraid that he would not like what he found, but he had to try. He went inside and went up to the clerk.

"May I help you sir?" She asked as Andrew cleared his throat.

"Yes, I'm looking for information on a former student. Her name is Teresa Ives." He stated as the clerk ran a search through the university's new computer database.

"Ah yes, it says here that she dropped out in 1972 due to medical reasons along with her sister Rebecca."

"Can you give me some contact information so I can get in touch with her?"

"I'm sorry, but we are not allowed to give out personal information about students; past or present." The clerk replied. Andrew thanked the clerk and walked out of the building. He was hoping that he could have gained some information. He didn't know where to begin looking for Terry. He sighed as he left the campus and began thumbing on the side of the road. As he walked, he racked his brain

for an idea. While he was thinking, a car pulled over to him.

"Where you heading?" The man asked. Suddenly, an idea came to Andrew. Terry had once mentioned the name of the lab that Dr. Martin Brenner had taken her to on her weekly excursions.

"Hawkins." He said as the man allowed him into his car.

WILL ANDREW RICH FIND HIS FAMILY? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

24. And So It Begins

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Max's POV)

Max Mayfield was in her room talking to Lucas on her Supercom when her mom barged in.

"Maxine!" Susan Hargrove exclaimed. "Where is your brother?"

"Have you tried knocking?" Max asked as she put the Supercom away.

"I'll ask the questions young lady." She replied. "Now, where is your brother?"

"I don't know. Check the shed, he's always hanging around there." Max shot back as her mother left the room. Susan made her way out to the shed where she found a slept in cot and a puddle of blood on the floor that had been wiped up. As she finally looked under the cot, she was completely unprepared for the sight that awaited her.

"AHHHH!" She screamed.

(Hopper's POV)

Forty five minutes later, Chief Jim Hopper arrived on the scene with his deputies.

"What have we got?" Hopper asked.

"Neil Hargrove, age 51." One of them replied. "It appears that the cause of death was repeated blunt force trauma to the head."

"The paramedics said that he was beaten so bad, his wife almost couldn't recognize him." The other one said as the police entered the Hargrove residence. Susan was sobbing like crazy. Max was just stunned.

"Mrs. Hargrove, I'm sorry for your loss." The Chief said as he took off his hat.

"My Neil's dead." She cried as she turned to Max. "It was probably that boy you've been sleeping with!"

"What!" Max exclaimed in pure disbelief.

"Neil told me that it was a mistake to allow Maxine to date one of those people. If I had listened to him. He would still be here."

"I can't believe this!" Max screamed as she edged on tears. "Go to Hell, you racist bitch!" Max ran out of the room as Hopper ran out after her, leaving his deputies to deal with the grieving widow.

"Max, wait up!" Hopper called out after her. She stopped as she wiped away her tears. "Don't worry about what your mom said. I know that Lucas Sinclair is no killer."

"It's not that." She replied. "There's something that I need to tell you."

"All right."

"I think that Neil was killed by Billy...and Agent Seibert." Max said as Jim Hopper's mouth dropped.

"That's not possible." He stuttered. "Seibert's dead. Jane flattened the son of a bitch."

"We never found his body." Max pointed out. "We never made sure he was dead."

"How do you know it's Seibert?"

"I heard Billy talking to him in the shed." She explained. "At first, I wasn't sure it was him, but I snuck around one night and saw his face. There's no question, it's him. Billy must have found him and healed him." Hopper was quiet for a moment and then it hit him.

"If Seibert's alive...that means..."

"That Mike and El are in danger!" Max finished. Hopper grabbed his

hat and ran to his car.

"Get over to Lucas's." He called to Max. "Contact the rest of the party, make sure they're ok!" Max got on her skateboard and zoomed off as Hopper rushed onto the road and went straight for the cabin. When he arrived, he ran into the cabin and looked for his daughter.

"Jane!" he shouted. "Are you here!" Hopper heard no answer and now he was getting scared. What if Seibert had gotten there and harmed her? He ran out of the cabin, got into his truck and tore like Hell into Hawkins.

(Andrew's POV)

As Andrew Rich got off the bus, he took a look around Hawkins. It looked like your average everyday small town in America. It was a lot smaller than Bloomington, but Andrew didn't mind. As he walked, he wasn't quite sure how he was going to find Terry. He didn't have an address. Hell, he didn't even know for sure if she was actually living in Hawkins. As he strolled, he passed by the Hawkins Police station. It was not the idea place to go looking for your lost love, but it was something. He walked into the station and went up to the receptionist.

"Hello, can I help you?" Flo asked as Andrew looked around.

"Yeah...can I speak to the chief of police?" He asked.

"Chief Hopper is out on a call right now." Flo said as Andrew's eyes got wide. That name was family to him.

"Hopper...Jim Hopper?"

"Yes sir. He's been Hawkins's Chief for place for the better part of six years."

"Do you mind if I wait for him?" Andrew asked.

"All right, can I tell him who's looking for him?" Flo inquired.

"He knows me. Please tell him that it is very important that I speak

to him." He replied as he went into the chief's office. He waited for about fifteen minutes until he heard a commotion outside.

"Has Jane come in here?" Jim Hopper asked. Andrew recognized his voice.

"No sir, but there is someone here to see you. He's waiting in your office." Flo said.

"It's going to have to wait, I have to find Jane." Hopper shot back.

"He said it's very important." Flo insisted. Hopper cursed as he marched into his office.

"Look pal, I don't have time for whatever bull..." Jim started to preach until he got a good look at the homeless looking man in his office. He recognized the man's face.

"Andrew?" He asked in shock as He gave the chief a small smile.

"Hey There Jim." Andrew replied.

ARE MIKE AND EL IN DANGER? CAN HOPPER AND ANDREW SAVE THEM? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

25. The Trap Is Set

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Hawkins, Indiana. Earlier That Day.

(Mike's POV)

Before the body of Neil Hargrove was discovered, Mike Wheeler was at home, thinking about El. He was a little ashamed to admit it, even to himself, but he'd had a wet dream about his El the night before. Nonetheless, it had been beautiful. Mike and El had been naked together in the fort he had built for her. She had given her consent. He had been gentle with her. Mike had begged El for the privilege of orgasm and she had allowed it. He had been so disappointed when he had woken up only to discover that it had only been a dream. As he was laying on the couch in the basement, he wanted to call El so badly. However, he was trying not to be so clingy. The last thing that Mike wanted to do was smother her. It was a difficult task. He heard rustling upstairs, but he assumed that his parents were fighting again. Ted and Karen Wheeler had been fighting quite often as of late. The sounds got louder and Mike just hoped that Holly was hiding in her room. Suddenly, he heard his mom calling down to him.

"Michael!" Mrs. Wheeler called out in a strained voice. "Come up here please!" Mike sighed as he stood up and walked up the stairs. As he went into the kitchen, he was struck on the head.

When Mike came to, he found himself back in the basement. He was bound and tied to a chair. Before him stood Agent Tyrone Seibert.

"Hello Michael Wheeler." He sneered as the boy looked at him in disbelief.

"This isn't possible." Mike stuttered. "You can't be alive...El took you down!"

"Your little bitch did a number on me, I'll give you that. Although, if you think that I'm going to go down so easily, think again." Agent

Seibert shot back.

"What did you do to my family?" Mike asked.

"Billy's taking care of them." Seibert replied.

"Max's step brother?"

"That's right, he's helping me get what I want: vengeance." Mike tried to fight the binds, but it was no use.

"Let me go!" He shouted.

"I might, if you tell me where Eleven is?" Tyrone offered.

"Never, I'll never tell you!" Mike swore. Agent Seibert hit him across the face. "Where is she?"

"Screw you!" Seibert hit him over and over, but Mike wouldn't sell out his soulmate. Finally, Billy came down with news.

"Old man Wheeler said that the girl is living with Chief Hopper. He gave me his phone number." He said as Tyrone grabbed a cellular phone.

"Call her, tell her to come over." He ordered.

"I won't!" Mike shouted. Agent Seibert hit him once again as he handed the phone to Billy.

"Get the parents to call her, tell her that Mike wants to do a date night." He said as Billy ran up the stairs.

"No!" Mike exclaimed as he struggled. "Don't hurt her!"

(Eleven's POV)

Meanwhile, El was in Hopper's cabin; bored out of her mind. She kept hoping that Mike would call or come over. Suddenly, the phone rang. El ran over and picked it up.

"Hello?" She asked.

"Hello Jane, it's Mrs. Wheeler." Karen said. "Michael wanted to know if you wanted to come over. He was planning a date night." El's eyes lit up at the thought of being with her Mike.

"Yes, I'm coming!" El said with joy.

"Wonderful." Mrs. Wheeler replied, although it sounded s though she was upset about something. El paid it no mind as she hung up the phone and got on her bike. She rode over to the Wheeler home and knocked on the door. To her surprise, the door was open. She slowly walked in and saw that the house seemed to be empty.

"Hello?" She called out as she received no answer. El decided to check downstairs in the basement where Mike often spent his time. She walked down and was greeted by the sight of Mike tied to a chair and gagged. "MIKE!" She screamed. He muttered as she ran over and tried to untie him. He tried to speak but he was still gagged. El finally gave up and removed the gag.

"EL RUN!" Mike cried out. "PLEASE EL, IT'S A TRAP!" She hardly had time to comprehend as Seibert brought his cane down hard on El's head. She fell to the ground and was knocked out.

"We finally got the bitch." He said with delight as he turned to Billy. "Tell our friend that we have Eleven." As Billy ran up, Mike was crying and screaming. When Billy returned with Dr. Martin Brenner, He was livid.

"YOU BASTARD!" Mike screamed. "I'LL FREAKING KILL YOU, YOU FREAKING BASTARD, I'LL FREAKING KILL YOU! YOU FREAKING BASTARD, I'LL FREAKING KILL YOU!"

"How nice to see you again, Michael." Dr. Brenner replied as Mike cried.

"You bastard..." He wailed.

"What do we do now?" Billy asked.

"We wait until Eleven wakes up..." Brenner started.

"And then, we make her pay." Tyrone finished.

**ELEVEN AND MIKE HAVE BEEN CAPTURED ONCE AGAIN BY THE
BAD MEN. HOW WILL THEY ESCAPE? WILL THE OARTY COME
TO THEIR RESCUE? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.**

26. The Party In Peril-Homecoming

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Will's POV)

While Mike and El were being held prisoner in the Wheeler home, Will Byers was having some much needed me time. He was drawing sketches in his room as he was often known to do. He was drawing a picture of Mike and El laying next to each other in a field. He intended to give the picture to them as a present. As he was adding the color, he saw Lucas and Max speeding up the driveway on Lucas's bike. Will dropped his colored pencils and went to the door.

"Will, we gotta get Dustin, right now!" Lucas gasped.

"What's going on?" Will asked.

"Mike's in danger and so is Eleven." He replied.

"There's no time, we'll explain when we get to Dustin's place." Max pleaded as Will ran to get his bike.

"I'm going out mom." He shouted as he got on his bike and pedaled after Lucas and Max. They eventually pulled up to Dustin's house and pounded on the door until he came to answer it.

"What the Hell's going on?" Dustin asked in an annoyed voice.

"Mike and Eleven are in danger." Lucas stated.

"Agent Seibert is alive." Max added. Will and Dustin were taken aback.

"The asshole who killed Dr. Reaves?" Dustin inquired. "Eleven broke every bone in his body."

"Yeah, but she didn't kill him." Max argued. "My brother found him and he's been nursing him. Seibert killed my step dad."

"Shit..." Lucas swore as he held Max. "We have to get to Mike and warn him."

"Well let's go!" Dustin exclaimed as they all got on their bikes and sped off in the direction of the Wheeler home. As they rode up, they saw that the front door was open.

"Oh shit!" Max exclaimed. "We're too late."

"Seibert must have gotten them already!" Lucas added as he, Dustin, Max, and Will ran into the house.

"MIKE!" Will called out.

"ELEVEN?" Dustin cried out. They searched the upper levels of the house and found nothing.

"Shit, where are they?" Max asked nervously.

"Let's check the basement." Lucas offered. The four friends went down and saw a terrible sight. Mike and Eleven were both tied to chairs. Agent Seibert had a gun pressed to Mike's head and Dr. Brenner was holding Eleven's head and trying to get her to say something.

"MIKE!" Will screamed as the men turned to them.

"Damn it, grab those shit eaters!" Tyrone called out as Billy tackled the kids. They fought hard but he managed to tie them up with rope. He stopped however when he got to his step sister.

"Spreading your legs for one of them." Billy said, pointing at Lucas. "I have waited to long for this Maxine, too long." Billy unbuckled his belt and dragged Max by her long red hair into a corner, pulled down her pants and began slamming the buckle down on her bare ass.

"AHHH!" Max screamed as Billy beat her.

(Hopper's POV)

Chief Jim Hopper and Andrew Rich gave each other a big hug in the office.

"I can't believe it." Hopper said as he broke the hug. "I thought you were dead."

"At times, I wished that I was." Andrew replied.

"Where have you been all this time?"

"I spent fourteen years as a prisoner of the Vietcong."

"God damn..." Hopper said as he took his hat off. "What the Hell are you doing in Hawkins?"

"I'm looking for my girl: Terry." Andrew replied. "She's not in Bloomington anymore. She was working at Hawkins National Laboratory when I was drafted, I was hoping she might be here." Hopper sighed.

"She's here with Becky." He stated. Andrew's eyes widened.

"I have to see her." He said.

"I can't, i'm kind of in the middle of something right now..." Hopper tried to argue.

"Please Jim, when I was being tortured in the Hanoi Hilton, she was the only thing that kept me sane." Andrew explained. "Please."

"Fine." Hopper sighed. "Let's go." Chief Hopper and Andrew got in Hopper's truck and sped off towards the Ives home.

(Andrew's POV)

As Andrew and Hopper pulled up in the Ives's driveway, Andrew had butterflies in his stomach. After fourteen years, he was going to see Terry again. As Hopper knocked on the door, Andrew took a deep breath. Becky came to the door. She looked older, but she still looked like a badass.

"What's up Jim?" She asked as Andrew stepped forward.

"Becky, it's me: Andrew." He said as Becky's eyes grew wide.

"Andrew?"

"Yeah...is Terry here?" Becky nodded as she let the men inside.

"Terry!" Becky called out as Terry walked into the kitchen.

"I'm right here Becky, you don't have to..." Terry started to say until she laid eyes on Andrew. She was holding a glass of water in her hand and dropped out out of shock. She looked older and worn down, but she was still the woman that he loved.

"Andrew...you're alive?" Terry asked as she teared up.

"Yeah Terry." He replied as he too teared up. Nothing was said for a minute and then the lovers embraced and kissed each other deeply.

"I thought i'd never see you again." She cried.

"Me too, you still look beautiful." He stated.

"You liar!" She chuckled. Andrew and Terry kissed again as Hopper cleared his throat.

"I'm happy for you both, but I have to go." He insisted.

"What's wrong?" Becky asked.

"I think that Jane is in danger." Hopper explained as Terry grew scared.

"Is Jane OK?" She asked as Andrew was confused.

"Who's Jane?" He inquired as the other three looked at each other. Terry caressed his cheek.

"She's my daughter Andrew." She whispered. "She's our daughter."

HOW WILL ANDREW COPE WITH BEING A FATHER? WILL SOMEONE SAVE THE PARTY? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

27. The Final Showdown

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Andrew's POV)

Time froze for Andrew Rich as the word *father* came out of Terry's mouth. He had not known that Terry was pregnant before he was shipped off to Vietnam. To say that it was a lot to process was an understatement.

"I'm...I'm a father?" Andrew asked as Terry nodded.

"You won't be unless we make sure that Jane is safe." Hopper insisted. "These bastards from Majestic 12 are after her."

"Oh my God." Terry said as her heart stopped.

"I do not care who they are, if they come after my daughter, I will fucking kill them." Andrew responded.

"Do you have a gun?" Hopper asked. Andrew pulled out a Makarov PM pistol from his coat.

"I'm packing."

"Where did you get that?"

"It was a gift from the Vietnamese." Andrew replied.

"Good, I think we're going to need it." Hopper assured him. "First, we're going Wheeler's house. If they aren't there, we do a house to house search."

"Who the Hell is Wheeler?" Andrew inquired.

"Your daughter's boyfriend." Jim sighed.

"Boyfriend?" Andrew asked in shock.

"I'll explain it on the way, let's go." Hopper insisted as he and Rich made to leave. Before they left, Terry stopped Andrew.

"Just be careful, all right." She begged. "I can't lose you again."

"You won't lose me." Andrew vowed.

"You promise?"

"Promise." He said as he kissed Terry and went to Hopper's squad truck.

(Mike's POV)

Meanwhile at the Wheeler residence, Mike and E, along with the rest of the party, were refusing to submit to the axis of evil. After Billy beat his stepsister, he locked Max up in the bathroom; along with the rest of the party.

"Eleven." Dr. Martin Brenner coaxed as she was tied to the chair. "I'm your papa, don't you remember me?" El would not even look at him.

"You hurt Mike." She gritted through her teeth.

"He is nothing to you." Dr. Brenner argued.

"He is everything to me!" El growled. Agent Tyrone Seibert responded to this declaration of love by giving her a punch to the face.

"I tell you what is yours and what is not, bitch!" He shouted. Normally, El would have snapped both of their necks, but Billy had a switchblade to Mike's throat and she was not willing to risk his life, even if it meant killing these mouth breathers.

"Screw you!" Mike shouted as he struggled to get free. Agent Seibert ignored him as he continued to stare El down. He held her chin and forced her to look at him.

"Girl...I have made up my mind that I will kill you." Seibert said coldly. "Now you may think that I'm just being melodramatic, that I wouldn't rid the world of such a gifted specimen as yourself."

However, I assure you, I am sincere. Sin-cere."

"You can't kill her!" Mike pleaded as tears ran down his face.

"What do you have to say about that?" Tyrone asked as El stayed silent.

"She's all I have." Mike wailed. "Please." Agent Seibert was furious at this girl's defiance.

"Bitch, I have counted the cost and I am determined to break you once and for all. I am gonna take every drop of blood you got! Do you understand me?"

"Yes..." she replied.

"Then speak!" Seibert demanded as El shot daggers at him.

"Mama loves me. Dad loves me...and Mike, Mike loves me." She insisted. "He gave me a name, he built me a home. He taught me love. You can't hurt me anymore." Tyrone bent town and looked her straight in the eye.

"How about we test that hypothesis?" He asked. Brener however, was not pleased at the change of events. Eleven dying was not part of his plan.

"You said that you would turn Eleven over to me once you had taken your revenge." He stated. "That was our deal."

"I have altered the deal." Tyrone explained. "Pray I do not alter it further."

"You don't deserve to quote Star Wars, you piece of shit!" Mike shot back. Billy hit him across the face. El was about to say something when the door upstairs was kicked open. Everyone was quiet for a moment until they saw Chief Hopper coming down the stairs with his pistol drawn.

"Dad!" El exclaimed, happy to see him.

"I am gonna give you ten seconds to untie them before I kill you sons

of bitches." Hopper threatened.

"You're outnumbered Chief Hopper." Martin pointed out. Suddenly, the basement door burst open and Andrew Rich walked in with his pistol drawn.

"Then it's a good thing that he didn't come alone." Andrew replied. The chief proceeded to untie Mike and El. Seibert didn't know what to do and then pulled out his gun and fired a single round. Hopper fired back and hit Brenner. The three gunshots killed him instantly. Andrew fired and hit Billy in the back as he tried to run. Billy was injured, but alive. Once the shooting had stopped, everyone looked around.

"Is everyone OK?" Hopper asked. He, Andrew, El, and Agent Seibert had not been hit. El turned to Mike and stopped. Mike was gasping as a single spot of blood appeared on his shirt.

"Mike?" El asked softly.

"El..." Mike gasped as he collapsed on the ground.

"MIKE!" El screamed as the windows crashed. She then turned to Seibert and used her powers with more rage than she had ever felt, even more than when she closed the gate. Seibert screamed out in pain as his insides were crushed by her powers. It was a slow and painful death and after five excruciating minutes, Tyrone Seibert was finally dead. Once the agent had been killed, El ran over to Mike who was unconscious.

"MIKE!" She cried in pure pain. "MIKE GET UP, PLEASE MIKE, GET UP! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH! I LOVE YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!" Andrew had to tear his daughter off her soulmate as Hopper tried to find a phone to call for help.

WILL MIKE PULL THROUGH? REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

28. Missing Mike

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Eleven's POV)

The next few days were torture for El. Mike had been taken to the hospital after the shooting. The doctors had managed to take the bullet out, but he was still in a coma. Even after three days, ask would not leave his bedside. No one could drag her away. Not Hopper, not Andrew, not Terry, not Joyce. No one. She refused to leave her soulmate. A lesson that Chief Jim Hopper had to learn the hard way. A few days after the shooting, Chief Hopper walked into the room. Mike was in bed, still in a coma and El was sitting next to him with tears in her eyes, begging him to wake up.

"I'm so sorry Mike." She wept. "It's my fault, you got shot because of me. What is wrong with me? Say it Mike, *what is wrong with you?* Please say it Mike, tell me that I'm a bad girlfriend. Yell at me, tell me you don't love me anymore, I don't care, just please wake up!" At the sound of this, Hopper's heart broke. Would the Wheeler boy every be able to comprehend how much this girl loved him. All El wanted was for him to be OK and she was even willing to have him hate her if it meant he was alive and well. A hateful Mike was better than no Mike at all in her eyes. Hopper walked over to her and put his hand on her shoulder.

"How bout you take a break and come home?" He asked as El glared at him.

"No, not until Mike wakes up." She insisted as the chief sighed.

"Kid, you've been here for days." He pointed out. "I'm telling you, as soon as Wheeler wakes up, the doctor will call us."

"His name is Mike!" El exclaimed. "Stop calling him Wheeler, or kid, or the Wheeler boy. His name is Mike and he's the love of my life!"

"I know that, but you can't just spend the rest of your life in this hospital." Hopper argued.

"I can and I will!" El insisted. "I am staying here until Mike wakes up and when he does, I will kiss him and tell him that I love him."

"Kid..." Hopper sighed as he left the hospital room. As he left, El turned to Mike and tried to smile.

"It's OK Mike, I'm still here. I won't leave you. I will be right here when you wake up. Promise." She said as she kissed his hand.

As the days passed, El kept her promise and did not leave Mike's bedside. The rest of the party, along with the rest of the Wheeler family, came to see Mike, but El stayed always. She would use the bathroom to wash up and she would fall asleep in her chair. It was boring and uncomfortable at times, but El didn't care. Her Mike needed her and she would be strong for him, as he always was for her. As the days dragged on, El didn't want to admit it to anyone, most of all herself, but she was beginning to fear that Mike would never wake up.

"Please come back to me Mike." She begged with tears in her eyes. "I love you." Finally, after a week and a half of waiting, El got her wish. She was sitting by Mike's bed as she had been for the last ten days. El was tired of waiting, she just wanted Mike to wake up. All she wanted was to hear his voice. As she was thinking, she felt something grab her hand. El looked over and saw Mike's eyes fluttering.

"El..." Mike muttered as El began to cry tears of joy.

"Mike!" She exclaimed as she climbed into the bed and held him tightly. "I'm here Mike." El completely covered her soulmate in kisses.

"What happened?" He asked.

"The bad men shot you." She explained. "The one that shot Dr. Reeves."

"Are you OK?"

"I killed him and dad shot papa."

"I missed you so much El." Mike said as he kissed her deeply.

"Me too Mike." She said as she cuddled up with him. "When you got shot...I was so scared. I thought that I had lost you." Mike looked deep into her brown eyes.

"You won't lose me EL." Mike swore to her as he kissed her tears away.

"Do you promise?" She asked as he nodded.

"Promise." he said as they shared a kiss that was full of passion and love. Their love fest was interrupted by none other than Chief Jim Hopper himself.

"Glad to see you awake kid." He said with a smile.

"Me too chief." Mike replied.

"Everyone has been pretty worried about you Wheeler. Jane never left your side." Hopper reported to a surprised Mike.

"I was right here every day." El agreed as Mike kissed her again. Hopper took off his hat as he turned to his daughter.

"Look Jane, I was hoping now that Mike is OK, you could take a break." He hoped.

"But Mike needs me." El pleaded.

"I know, but...there is someone who really wants to talk to you."

"Who is it?"

"A friend of mine, his name is Andrew Rich." Hopper said.

NEXT TIME, ELEVEN COMES FACE TO FACE WITH HER REAL PAPA. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

29. Jane Meets Her Real Papa

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS OR SUSPICIOUS MINDS. ALL RIGHTS BELONG TO THE DUFFER BROTHERS AND GWENDA BOND RESPECTIVELY.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Andrew's POV)

As he and Terry waited for Hopper to bring Jane back from the hospital, Andrew Rich was sweating bullets. He had to admit that he was scared. What if Jane didn't accept him as her father? What if she blamed him for abandoning her mother? What if Jane flat out refused to have anything to do with him? All of these what ifs were swirling around in his head as Terry tried desperately to calm her true love. Andrew however, would not be calmed. He was meeting his daughter for the first time.

"Please don't worry Andrew." Terry pleaded as she squeezed his hand. "Jane is going to love you, I promise."

"I hope so." Andrew replied as he kissed Terry deeply. As they kissed, they heard a car pull up.

"That must be Jim!" Terry exclaimed. "He said that he would bring Jane from the hospital. Mike woke up today."

"That's good." He said.

"Andrew, please don't worry." She begged. "Michael is a wonderful boy."

"He sounds OK, I guess." Andrew was a little on edge concerning Mike Wheeler. When Jim told him that his little girl had a boyfriend, his stomach did a flip. Andrew was hoping that he would have some time to be with his girl before he had to worry about some boy sweeping Jane off her feet. He had missed seeing Jane get ready for the Snowball. He had missed putting the fear of God into Mike Wheeler. There were so many father daughter experiences that he

would never know. That bastard Brenner had taken it all away from him when he got Andrew sent to that Vietnamese hell hole. As if that wasn't bad enough, Hopper had told Andrew about all the abuse that Jane had suffered at the hands of Brenner and Andrew wished that Martin was alive so that he could be killed more painfully this time. After the shootout, Andrew and Jim had buried the bodies of Dr. Martin Brenner and Agent Tyrone Seibert in unmarked graves in the woods. Hopper also had the king of punks arrested. Billy Hargrove had been charged with his father's murder. Billy had tried to tell everyone about Agent Seibert and Jane's powers, but everyone thought that he was a nut. The district attorney was still debating whether or not to prosecute him.

(Eleven's POV)

As El walked into her mother's house, she saw Terry and Hopper's friend waiting for her.

"Hi honey." Terry said as she gave her daughter a huge hug. When they broke, El looked at the man with the short beard.

"Hey Jane." He said with a sad smile.

"Hello." El replied. "Who are you?"

"Well, my name's Andrew." He said. El remembered that her mama had told her bout her real father and how his name had also been Andrew.

"My real father is Andrew too." She replied, not grasping who he was. Andrew sighed as he looked into her brown eyes.

"Jane...it's me." He stated. "I'm your real dad." El was stunned. She didn't know what to say. Terry had shown her a picture of Andrew and she had to admit, the man did kind of look like him, except for the beard. El reached out and touched Andrew's face.

"Where were you?" She asked softly. "Why did you leave mama?"

"Look kid..." Hopper started to explain until Andrew stopped him.

"It's ok Jim." He said as he turned to El. "I didn't want to leave your mama. I was forced to go."

"Was it papa?" El asked. "Did he hurt you like he hurt mama?"

"Yeah...it was...your papa." Andrew replied. The idea of her calling Brenner papa was hard to swallow. "He made me go to war."

"Dad went to war too." El said, referring to Hopper.

"I know, that's where we met."

"But he came back, why didn't you?"

"I wanted to Jane, but I was captured."

"By the bad men?"

"Sort of." Andrew said. "But not like the ones at the lab, different bad men. They kept me prisoner for a long, long time. That's why I haven't been here with you or your mama; but I wanted to be Jane. I really did." El was silent for a moment and then embraced her father. Andrew shed a couple tears as he returned her embrace. Terry and Hopper watched with joy as the father and daughter came together.

THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE THE LAST CHAPTER. NEXT TIME, THE PARTY ATTENDS A WEDDING. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

30. A Jopper Wedding

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Joyce's POV)

Joyce Byers was absolutely radiant as Karen Wheeler and Flo helped her into her wedding dress.

"My God Joyce, you are the most beautiful bride I've ever seen." Karen said with a smile.

"Hop won't be able to keep his hands off you." Flo added. Joyce blushed at the thought of Jim Hopper's hands on her body.

"Let's save the dirty talk for the honeymoon, OK?" Joyce asked as the women chuckled.

"Are you feeling any jitters?" Karen asked as Joyce shook her head.

"No Karen." She replied. "I've been waiting so long for this. Hop's the only guy that I want to be with. It's taken a while, but I'm finally going to be with the man of my dreams." Karen tried to hold back the tears of joy. She had known Joyce Byers for many years. Every since her son and become friends with Joyce's. The women had become dear friends over the years and it had hurt Karen's heart to see Joyce being married to someone like Lonnie Byers. She was so grateful when Joyce had finally thrown him out and moved on with her life.

"If anyone deserves to be happy, it's you Joyce." She said as the women hugged. Joyce dried her tears as she prepared for her walk down the aisle.

(Author's POV)

Everyone was gathered in the sanctuary at St. Thaddeus's Lutheran Church in Hawkins. The party was all there, excited as Hell. Mike and Eleven were holding hands and blushing at each other. Even the

Ives women were there, along with Andrew Rich himself. Suddenly, the wedding march began to play and everyone stood up as Joyce made her way down the aisle in her beautiful white wedding dress. Many people were tearing up as Joyce made her way to Chief Jim Hopper who lifted her veil and looked into her eyes.

"Hi." He said in a coy manner.

"Hi." She replied. Everyone sat down as Pastor Charles began the sermon.

"Dearly beloved, we have gathered here today to join James David Hopper and Joyce Laura Byers in the bonds of holy matrimony." He said. "We have come together, families and friends, to witness Jim and Joyce as they exchange their vows of marriage. We share with them their delight in finding love with each other, and support their decision to be together from now until the end of time.

As this couple enters into marriage, they do so with thought and reverence.

They give thanks for the past, which brought them to this place, and look forward with hope to what the future will bring. Marriage is like a great umbrella that shelters love from the elements. Corinthians One says that love is patient and kind. It is not jealous or boastful, not irritable or resentful, not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its' own way. It does not rejoice in the wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes in all things and endures all things. Love never ends. This marriage is a symbol of Jim and Joyce's commitment to that love."

"Man, The Chief really went all out on this." Lucas commented as Max rolled her eyes.

"What do you expect, it's a wedding, stalker." She replied.

"At this time, we'd like to take a moment of silence to remember those who are not here with us." Pastor Charles said. "Even though they are not here physically, they are a part of the foundation that makes Jim and Joyce the people they are today. May we always remember Sarah Hopper, Benny Hammond, Bob Newby, and Dr.

Cameron Reaves. Please cherish the memories of these friends and family and all others who live on in our hearts. Amen." Everyone was saddened by the thought of Sarah and all the good people who had died in the war against the Upside Down.

Sarah: Hopper's real daughter who had taught him that it was ok to be goofy sometimes.

Benny: He'd given El food and shelter, only to be killed by the forces of Brenner.

Bob: He'd given Joyce his entire heart, even though she could not return the gesture.

Dr. Reaves: He had saved Mike and El's lives and given Terry her life back, even though it cost him his career and his life. Nancy comforted Barb as she shed a tear.

"He saved my life." She said. "And I never got to say goodbye."

"I know." Nancy said as she held her friend. Meanwhile, Pastor Charles continued.

"I asked you to join hands as a symbol of the union that you are making here today." He said as Joyce and Hopper held hands and faced each other. "I'd like you to think about the hands that you are holding. These are the hands of your best friend, holding your hands on your wedding day. Promising to love you and to work together as you build your future together. These are the hands that will give you strength when you need strength, tenderness when you need tenderness, and love when you need love. These are the hands that will countless times wipe the tears from your eyes. Tears of sorrow, but also tears of joy. These are the hands that will hold all those whom you love. These are the hands that years from now will still be searching for your hands. Still seeking the love, encouragement and support that each of you seeks from the other." Dustin turned to Will as the hand ceremony progressed.

"What kind of snacks are they having at the reception?" He asked.

"I told mom to get chocolate pudding." Will assured his friend.

"Thanks man." Dustin replied as the service went on.

"We are here today, to celebrate the love, which Jim and Joyce have for each other, and to give social recognition to their decision to commit their lives and accept each other totally." Pastor Charles said as he looked to the chief. "Do you Jim take Joyce, to be your lawfully wedded wife, to share your life openly, standing with her in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, in hardship and in ease, to cherish and love forever more?

"I do." Hopper said.

"Do you Joyce take Jim, to be your lawfully wedded husband, to share your life openly, standing with him in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow, in hardship and in ease, to cherish and love forever more?

"I do." Joyce said. As the I do's were exchanged, Mike turned to El.

"Do you still want to marry me someday?" He asked as El squeezed his hand.

"I do." She replied. "Do you still want to marry me?"

"I do." Mike insisted.

"The formal exchange of your wedding vows is the most ancient part of a wedding ceremony." Pastor Charles explained. "These are the words that couples for centuries have spoken to one another and, while they are very simple words, they have extraordinary meaning and importance. As you speak them to one another, you will discover that these are truly sacred promises, and sacred promises must be kept forever. I am going to speak these words to you now, and ask that you speak them to each other. Now you shall say a few words that take you across a threshold of life, and things will never quite be the same between you. For after these vows, you shall say to the world, Jim is my husband, Joyce is my wife."

"Isn't it done yet?" Dustin asked as the party shot glares at him.

"Shut it dude." Lucas ordered.

"Sheesh, Sorry." Dustin replied as the vows were exchanged.

"Jim, repeat after me." Pastor Charles said as he relayed the vows.

"I, Jim, take you, Joyce , to be my wife." Hopper states. "To share all that I am and all that I have, for all time to come; and I promise to do all in my power to keep my love as deep and as strong as it is today." Once he was finished, Joyce said her vows.

"I, Joyce, take you, Jim to be my husband." Joyce stated. "To share all that I am and all that I have, for all time to come; and I promise to do all in my power to keep my love as deep and as strong as it is today." Once the vows were exchanged, the rings were brought out by little Holly Wheeler.

"Jim, as you place the ring on BRIDE's finger, please repeat after me." Pastor Charles asked as Jim repeated his words.

"You are the love of my life, and you are my very best friend." The Chief said as he placed the ring on Joyce's finger. Once it was done, Joyce did likewise.

"You are the love of my life, and you are my very best friend." She said. After the rings were put on, Pastor Charles wrapped it up.

"Because you two came here today intending to marry, because you joined hands and made solemn vows and exchanged rings to remind you of those vows, and you are now joined as partners in mutual love and respect, according to the powers vested in me and the highest power of the land and the sea; I pronounce that your wedding vows are sealed and you may henceforth be known to all as husband and wife!" He exclaimed. "You may now kiss your bride." Jim smiled as he dipped Joyce and kissed her deeply upon the lips. Everyone was clapping and crying by this point.

"I love you Joyce." Hopper said as he caressed her cheek.

"I love you too Hop." Joyce replied.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is now my pleasure to present for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Jim and Joyce Hopper!" He exclaimed as the exit march began to play. As the Hopper's exited the sanctuary, the party

felt had though they were on cloud 9. Hawkins has not known such happiness in many a month.

I KNOW I SAID THAT THIS WAS GOING TO BE THE LAST CHAPTER, BUT I WANTED TO HAVE A RECEPTION. NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE THE LAST. REVIEWS NEEDED AND APPRECIATED.

31. A Jopper & Mileven Reception

I DO NOT OWN STRANGER THINGS.

Hawkins, Indiana.

(Mike's POV)

After the wedding, everyone gathered in the Hawkins Middle School gym for the reception. Chief Hopper pulled some strings and rented out the gymnasium for the night. The area was decked out in wedding streamers and balloons. It was the biggest gathering in the town of Hawkins, up until that point at least. Everyone was having a good time and true to their word, there was an abundance of chocolate pudding.

"Guys!" Dustin exclaimed. "There's a shit ton of chocolate pudding!"

"No one cares!" Max exclaimed in return as everyone chuckled at the bard's expense. No one was happier than Mike Wheeler. He was alive, El was alive, they were together, and Brenner and Seibert were both dead. They were free and safe. His El was with him. He looked over and saw a smile on her face as she watched everyone have fun. He took her hand in his and the smile changed direction and was now aimed directly at him.

"Hi El." He said with his heart eyes focused on her.

"Hi Mike." She replied.

"I'm glad that I'm here with you."

"Me too."

"Aww, you guys." Max started to gripe. "Can't you two take a break from the love fest for one second?"

"Screw you Max." Mike shot back. "I can be intimate with my girlfriend if I want to."

"That's right." El agreed as she put her arms around her man.

"Whatever." Max replied as she put her arms around Lucas. "I can be all lovey duvey too. Come here Stalker." Max proceeded to kiss him deeply. The love fest was interrupted when everyone sat down to eat dinner. It was a delicious feast of barbeque and chicken and everyone agreed that it was very delicious. After all of the wedding guests were finished with dinner, Jim and Joyce cut the delicious marble wedding cake. After everyone had a piece, and Dustin had a few more, everyone got out onto the gym floor and started dancing. The Hopper's had the first dance all to themselves, then everyone started going onto the dance floor. Mike and El enjoyed dancing with each other. It reminded them of the Snow Ball. Their most perfect night. As they danced, El and Mike looked around at everyone.

They saw Joyce and the Chief in each other's arms.

Then they saw Terry and Andrew whispering words of love to each other.

They saw Jonathan and Nancy dancing cheek to cheek.

They saw Max and Lucas kissing in a corner.

They saw Steve, Dustin, and Will having a meeting of the singles club. Suddenly, in the middle of this love fest, the DJ changed the song. As the music began, Mike and El knew immediately what song it was.

"Every Breath You Take." Mike said as she looked into El's eyes.

"Our song." She replied as she pulled him close as they moved to the music. As the music filled the gym, Mike and El blocked out the rest of the world around them and focused on each other. In this moment, everything was perfect.

"El..." Mike whispered.

"Yeah Mike." She replied.

"I love you...so much." He said as El pulled him in and kissed him upon the lips.

"I love you too." She repeated as they shared a deep kiss that was full

of passion and pure love.

THUS, THE SUMMER OF LOVE AND RELATIVE PEACE COMES TO AN END. I AM PLANNING ON WRITING ANOTHER STRANGER THINGS FANFIC. IT WONT BE A CONTINUATION OF THE ONE GATE SAGA. I HAVE SO MANY IDEAS, I JUST DONT KNOW WHICH TO USE. SHOUTOUT TO SECTION8GRL, WITHOUT THEIR SUPPORT, THIS STORY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN.